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THE MONTH

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.
(*Apoc.* xxii, 2.)

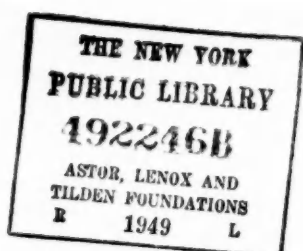
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THE MONTH WAS FOUNDED IN 1864, and among its earliest contributors were Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Newman. Newman's well-known *Dream of Gerontius* first appeared in its pages. It is now in its 84th year.

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VOL. CLXXXV

JANUARY, 1948

No. 966

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Another New Year

AND so we pass into 1948, remembering that the second World War ended in the summer of 1945, and there is as yet no peace. Peace treaties have not been concluded with Germany, not even with Austria, or with Japan. The unhappy armistice drags on, overcast with clouds of fear and insecurity and with the consciousness of villainy and wickedness in high places. There are many men to-day—Communist leaders everywhere, and the Soviet Government before all—whose purpose is chaos and whose one desire is world disintegration in order that from a ruined civilization may arise a new world of revolution and nihilism. Every effort to frame a peace settlement, every attempt to promote genuine international collaboration, has been frustrated from the same source, by the same people and for the same reason.

The breakdown of the November-December London conference is the latest—maybe the last—in the futile series of meetings of Foreign Ministers. These meetings have been used, on the Russian side, merely to delay the settlement of Europe and, if possible, to hasten its disintegration. Well might Mr. Bevin declare, after all the hard work he has put into these conferences, that Britain wanted “real agreements, not sham agreements; real unification of Germany, not pretence; a democratic Germany, not a bogus democracy where a few men can exercise tyrannical power.” He added a warning, which Soviet politicians would do well to notice, that his experiences at Moscow and London had left him wondering whether this (the reunion of Foreign Ministers) “is a body that ever will be able to settle European and German problems.”

General Marshall was more detailed in his accusations. The conference, he declared, had failed to reach agreement on an Austrian peace treaty, “because the Soviet Union had demanded for itself properties and special privileges in Austria in an amount and to an extent which far exceed what a free Austria can afford.” After five months of common work in Vienna, the American, British and French members of a treaty commission found a united approach to all Austrian questions: “again the Soviet Union was in disagreement.” “The

Soviet delegation (to the London conference) has persistently blocked agreement by reason of its unjustified demands on Austria." As regards Germany, Soviet Russia has been unwilling to reach agreement with the other three Powers, refusing to recognize, as the three do, the economic integration of the Saar with France, and refusing to consider, as the three insist she should, the frontiers between Germany and Poland—a matter which was clearly left by the Potsdam protocol to the peace settlement. "Three of the delegations agree that boundary commissions be at once established to examine all frontier questions: The Soviet Union rejects this proposal. So we neither agree on what Germany is to be, nor do we agree on establishing commissions to study these vital boundary problems."

General Marshall further accused the Soviet Government of creating in Eastern Germany and out of German resources "a gigantic Soviet trust," that enjoys special privileges and "which is put above German law, presumably in perpetuity." This policy has prevented German recovery and has increased the need for Allied assistance to Western Germany. Russian reparation claims are so excessive that, were they granted, they would both enslave the German people and retard very seriously the revival of Europe. He added, in conclusion:

The simple fact is that the present division of Germany has been caused by the policies and practices of the occupying Powers themselves. Only the occupying Powers can create German unity in present circumstances. That is why the United States has consistently pressed for certain fundamental decisions by the occupying Powers themselves as the absolutely essential first step for the achievement of a united Germany. Three delegations of this conference have registered their willingness to take these decisions here and now. The Soviet Union alone refuses to agree.

General Marshall has made it perfectly clear why this conference, like all previous meetings of the Foreign Ministers, has broken down. The fault is that of Russia. Russia does not want a peace settlement in Europe, for that would open the door to stability and prosperity. Russia does not desire a united Germany save for her dream of a Germany unified under some Communist party like that she has sponsored in her zone of occupation. It is a counsel of chaos and despair.

The Battle for Europe

BEHIND all this disagreement lies something more fundamental. When the news reached London that the Communist-instigated General Strike in France had collapsed, M. Bidault remarked: "This is the latest battle for France, and it has been won." It was part only of a greater battle, the battle for Europe; this larger battle has not yet been decided. The previous meetings of Foreign Ministers were largely skirmishes. This latest meeting saw the beginning of a

genuine battle. Communist tactics in France since 1945 had been preliminaries. The 1947 General Strike was intended to be the real thing.

In an article in the *Sunday Times* for December 7th, Scrutator neatly epitomised the position :

Between the conference of the Foreign Ministers in London and the long agony of disorder which France is traversing there is a very close connection. Both are phases in Russia's campaign to absorb continental Europe, and throw the English-speaking Powers out of it. The stake for which she is playing in the London conference is Germany ; in the French strike battles, it is France.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the failure of the General Strike in France determined the outcome of the London conference. The Russian plans in France, carefully timed to synchronise with the London conference, miscarried completely, as did similar plots in Italy. Russia has lost, at least the first phase of the battle for France and for Italy. She will take no risks at the moment in the struggle for Germany.

All other political and international problems pale before this gigantic issue that has been, openly and clearly, joined. It will remain the great world issue for—who knows how many years? On its solution, more than on anything else, depends the answer to the question whether there will be or not be a third World War. For the Russian purpose is not merely to keep a hold of those East-Central European lands which it at present controls through occupational forces or puppet governments. Its purpose is to dominate the whole of Europe, to the exclusion of every influence from the outside world. The Russians realise that they have now committed themselves in Europe ; they have moved so far Westwards that, even to keep what they have, to remain where they now are, they must go still further. Such is the nemesis of aggression. In other words—quite apart from any question of Communism—they know that there are two alternatives, in the long run, before them. They must succeed in dominating all Europe or eventually they will have to retire out of Europe altogether. As soon as those countries revive, which are outside Russian control, they will be increasingly anti-Russian and anti-Communist ; and they will enjoy the sympathies of the peoples of East-Central Europe, at present under Soviet domination. Nothing showed more clearly the mind of the United States Government nor its grasp of realities than the declaration of General Marshall that the policy of the U.S.A. was the restoration of Europe as a community of free peoples.

The time is past when men can bemuse themselves with distinctions between " Western " and " Eastern " democracy or with the pretence that the unfortunate Russian people enjoy a brand of liberty and civilization of their own. The Soviet system is an inhuman edifice,

built up on the denial of God and all spiritual ideas as also upon the rejection of the dignity, the rights, the liberties of the individual man. It is opposed to everything of religious, cultural and social value which Western civilization has understood and realized these past two thousand years. The time is gone when men could speak of Britain as a halfway house between Russia and the United States, or of the Labour Party of Britain as a potential balance between Wall Street and the Kremlin.

Lessons from the French Strike

IT was healthy to observe the realism with which the British Press saw the pattern and purpose of the French General Strike. To the *Sunday Times* (November 30th) it was the attempt of a "disciplined minority" to frustrate majority rule. The *Sunday Chronicle*, for the same date, insisted that the disturbance was not economic but political :

Hunger is not the prime cause of the present discontents and commotions. The sabotages and inflationary prices are only springboards for the agitators who, taking orders from abroad, permeate the French Civil Service, undermine the State and profit from discontent. The danger is not to France alone, but to the world. It gives a warning of the greater danger that would surely spread if the influence of the Western nations were removed from Europe.

The *Yorkshire Post*, for December 1st, put the matter in its true setting :

Russian statesmanship is exploiting French Communism, like every other local Communism, to promote the interests of Russian policy and nothing else. Russian propaganda tries to exercise world wide appeal ; Russian policy is self-regarding and practical.

After the collapse of the strike, the *Manchester Guardian* commented as follows (December 11th) :

For two and a half years the Communists have been steadily increasing their influence in the (French) Trade Unions by the methods of infiltration and intimidation which they had practised with some success before the war. During the strike they developed a regular strategy of sabotage, designed to enable them to attain power by aid of shock troops and commandos who made lightning descents on railways, factories, mines, post offices, town halls and all the vital contacts and centres of public life.

It was their aim to show that, if they were not allowed to govern France, they could, at any rate, prevent anybody else from governing her. They have certainly caused immense damage and confusion, and added incalculably to the difficulties of the Government. The loss of two million tons of coal is a disabling calamity at a moment when the effort to restore French economy demands the full and provident use of all the French resources. But *their main purpose has been foiled.*

That purpose was foiled, in the first place, by the resolute attitude of the French Government which would not bow to terrorism nor compromise with it and was not afraid to employ the military against

the strike leaders. It was foiled also because a very large proportion of the working people of France saw that this was no genuine strike for industrial reasons, but a political movement on the part of the Communists. The collapse of the strike meant defeat for French Communism and for Russia, and how closely French and Russians worked together is evident from the expulsion out of France of a number of official Russian representatives.

It is significant that, both in France and Italy, the Communist-led strikes were broken by Governments headed by Catholics and members of Christian parties, and that M. Schuman, in Paris, succeeded, where his Socialist predecessor had failed, in forming a cabinet and in defeating the strike. It should be noted also that the followers of General de Gaulle co-operated loyally with the Government; there was no need to call upon de Gaulle.

The Consequences

AFTER the liberation of countries on the Continent the feeling existed that all the groups that had worked against the Germans during the war ought now to work together for national reconstruction. To have been anti-German then was deemed sufficient qualification for being now pro-French or pro-Italian. The feeling proved unreal; the experiment failed, as it was bound to fail. Communist parties in every country owed allegiance, first and all the time, to Moscow, just as much as, if not more than, various Quisling parties during the occupation had owed allegiance to Berlin. Both in France and Italy they had to be forced out of the Government. It had become impossible to govern with them. There were dangers in having them in opposition, but it was better to have them in open opposition than as pretended but quite unreal allies.

They are in opposition to-day, inevitably. But they are no longer a domestic political party, but a group inspired and directed from outside. They are there to subserve Russian intentions and to carry out Russian orders, whether these be concerned with Communist infiltration or with external Russian aggrandizement. The recent establishment of the Cominform in Belgrade, with the French and Italian Communist parties as two of its nine members, is a blunt and direct challenge to Italy and France. The December strikes showed clearly that these parties have been trained for civil war and that, when it suits Moscow, they will plunge their countries into chaos and revolution.

No country can ignore this challenge. There were many welcome signs in the speedy collapse of the French and Italian strikes. Among them, the evidence that the Communist parties in those countries are not as strong as election figures seemed to show, and that a big proportion of the men who vote for them are not prepared to follow them in direct action. In other words, many votes for Communist candidates register little more than discontent with the

existing state of affairs. It is what one might have expected in peoples so individualistic as the Italians and French. Nevertheless, the declared and proved existence within a country of a disciplined and even armed minority, which has transferred its political loyalties to the Government of a foreign Power, is a problem which must be tackled. In Britain, for example, where that party is a tiny minority, it might be advisable to suppress it altogether as a subversive society, though the normal British reply will be that it is better to leave it in a half-open condition, in which it can hold meetings and produce literature, than to drive it completely underground. If it be argued that suppression would be the denial of political liberty, the answer is that there is no recognized freedom to be the agents of a foreign Power. In France, the strength of the Communist Party lies in the number of key positions it has secured within the French Trade Unions movement, particularly in the heavier and the nationalized industries and in its influence among civil servants, teachers, and the like. It has driven its roots deeply into modern French society though not as deeply or over as wide an area as its leaders have imagined. The collapse of the General Strike was a victory for a Western and democratic France. But it was the first battle, not the last. It must be continued within the Trade Unions by responsible Labour leaders, whether they be Catholics or Socialists, in order there to lessen the pernicious and essentially foreign influence of Communists and, in time, to rebuild the Trade Union movement in France on saner, sounder and less revolutionary lines. Working-class leaders have a very important task and a grave responsibility to see that working men are shown the true character and aims of Communism. The *Daily Herald* (December 11th) complained that among "ill-informed" people there persists the delusion that a Communist is a specially virile brand of Socialist. The truth is, it continued, that the Communists stand for a way of life which is directly opposed to *Socialism, as we in Britain understand the term.* (The writer might have reflected how ill-advised were the British Labour Party to choose or even tolerate the epithet of "Socialist," when that epithet normally and everywhere else, meant "Marxist.") It may be debatable whether Communism is the logical outcome of Marxism, but here the Communists would have strong Marxist arguments in their favour. The article continues, very soundly :

The British Labour Party is a social democratic movement. It believes in social progress by means of free speech, freedom of the press, and free elections. The Communist Party is utterly contemptuous of these standards, and is working everywhere for dictatorship. It does not care what civil liberties are abused, what human freedoms are crushed, how many individuals or how many nations are tricked or bullied into dumb obedience, as long as the views of the Communists prevail.

That is perfectly true. But it is necessary that this distinction should

be brought home, emphatically and effectively, within the various Labour and Socialist parties. No one doubts that Labour leaders, of the calibre of Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison, are thoroughly opposed to Communism and completely aware of its dangers and deceptions. They and their associates—and their counterparts abroad—have an immense responsibility to see that the people they represent and stand for are awakened and kept awake to its fallacies and perils.

Building Up

THE bitterness of the Soviet propaganda against American help to Europe under the form of the Marshall Plan might appear unintelligible until we remember that everything is interpreted in Moscow in terms of politics. Russia's sudden refusal to send hard grain to France which was followed immediately by an Anglo-Russian Trade Pact meant that the Soviet Government wanted to rebuff the Government of France because of the latter's strong handling of the General Strike and thought it useful, when the Foreign Ministers' conference was on the point of collapse, to conciliate Britain to some extent and perhaps, though the idea is now puerile, to drive a small wedge between the U.S.A. and Britain. Soviet propaganda employs methods that are at once clever and clumsy ; it attributes to others the very intentions which its own authorities have. It is simple to accuse others of the Imperialistic designs you yourself have ; to charge them with your aggrandizement ; to attribute your own machinations to them.

The ruthless opposition to the Marshall Plan, on the part of Russia, and the Russian determination that no country controlled by Russia shall benefit by it, goes back to the Soviet desire to dominate Europe and to exclude every other influence. American aid implies American influence. So much is evident. But American influence is not direct interference with the social and political affairs of European countries. When critics of the United States accuse her of "Imperialism," the term has to be examined carefully. The United States does wish to extend her influence and is likely, economically, to exercise very considerable control. Yet, in assisting France and Italy, the United States Government will not dictate to the French and Italian peoples what kind of government they must have, will not exclude certain political parties for the advantage of others, and the United States will not interfere with the lives and liberties of those peoples.

But Russia fears not only American influence and prestige in Europe ; she fears too the economic recovery of Western Europe. If and when France and Italy return to standards of living roughly similar to those of pre-1939, the whole appeal of Communism will disappear. The contrast will at once be evident between Western European standards of life and those far more primitive standards of Russia. Economically, Russia will have lost the battle of Europe as soon as

Western Europe can return to more or less normal ways. And once Western Europe has so returned, the rest of Europe will look Westwards with a nostalgia and an insistence that will create grave problems for Russia. From this point of view, the General Strike in France was an attempt to paralyse French economy and so to annul in advance some of the advantages which France will reap from North American aid.

In thinking about the leaders of Russia, it is not easy to distinguish between coldly calculated policies and manoeuvres dictated by extravagant fears. At times they appear badly frightened men, afraid that every man's hand is against them, as their own hands have been against all men who would not submit to them; mistrustful of others since they are unworthy of any trust; reading their own deceitfulness and insincerity into the minds of other men. Destroying all opposition inside Russia, they are no longer able to assess the mental processes of free men. They may well have become prisoners of their own propaganda and be now incapable of objective thinking. On December 13th, the *Yorkshire Post* had an illuminating article on their mentality:

It would not be surprising—stated the article—if later historians were to judge the object of Russian policy in 1947 had been to create an artificial fog through which her figure might loom in more than natural dimensions.

If a sense of weakness lies behind Russian behaviour, it might serve to explain the violence of M. Molotov's language, which has been pitched in a sustained crescendo throughout the London conference, and yesterday reached a climax for which there can be few precedents in recent diplomacy.

This interpretation would also fit in with the clear object of Russian policy throughout the conference. All the formulae put forward by Russia have one thing in common, they work out in such a way that Russia obtains reparations from Germany, regardless of the way in which payment affects the finances of her Western Allies. The Russian zone certainly, and all Germany if possible, is to be bled white. Explanation of such a policy must lie in the fact that Russia herself has been so weakened by war that reconstruction is more vital to her than the good-will or well-being of her friends. These are strictly realistic considerations, and give no colour to the widely felt fear that Russian policy may be actuated by an ideological belief in the destined world-wide victory of the Communist creed and system.

But if Russia is acting rather from a sense of weakness than from aggressive design, can the Soviet leaders fail to recognize the effect of their policy on Western thinking? Cannot they see that Russia's grievous troubles as well as Europe's can best be cured by the promotion of a spirit of mutual helpfulness as envisaged in the Marshall Plan?

They will reply that the Marshall Plan is aimed at the exclusion of Russian influence. So it is if Russian influence is always to mean the spreading of anarchy and economic collapse in an attempt to engineer a Communist revolution.

The Western peoples see the Marshall Plan, not as an instrument in a campaign against Russia, but as a lifeline thrown to them in a stormy sea. They are determined to cling to this lifeline—they can do nothing else, and the sooner the Russians accept this fact, and revise their policy accordingly, the sooner will hope dawn on a settled peace in Europe.

To this extract one comment requires to be added. It is not sufficient to explain Russian present-day policy in terms of Communism and to regard it as the effort to dominate Europe through the Bolshevik ideology. It is every bit as much—and perhaps more so—a national policy of aggression, continuing, and with very tangible results, the expansionist policy of nineteenth-century Czarist Russia and continuing it along precisely the same three lines of penetration into Europe.

A New Factor

THE failure of both the Moscow and London conferences must inevitably introduce another factor, namely the views and wishes of the German people themselves. Writing on December 17th, the *Manchester Guardian* declared :

No compromise, no agreement, no Four-Power decision has been reached on any question affecting the future of Germany. But these questions come too near the heart of the European crisis to be left to drift any longer.

Here is the first lesson of the conference. There may be no Four-Power decisions, but decisions there will have to be—the facts compel it. One does not expect the world to reap benefit from a failure of statesmanship, but the possible result may not be wholly evil : the Western Powers may at last be able to free themselves from the ambiguities and hesitations of the past.

Already, negotiations are in progress between the three Western Powers for the setting-up of a post-war Germany, composed of their zones of occupation. Up to the present, the United States and the British zones were joined economically, not politically. The general proposition is that now a new Germany shall be created, with its capital at Frankfort, and including some forty million Germans. It would be an interim Germany, and it would remain possible for Russia subsequently to agree with the Western Powers and permit Eastern Germany to be united with the West. And it is not proposed that peace treaties should be signed between the suggested Western Germany and the Western Powers.

Something has to be done. Germany cannot be left at the heart of Europe, unable to provide for her economic needs and thereby depending and becoming a burden on other countries. Her people must work and yet feel that their work will gradually bring about a betterment of their condition. They must be allowed, no doubt with certain safeguards, to administer their own affairs. Nor should it be forgotten that a Germany, consisting of the three Western zones of

occupation, would be a more European and Western-minded Germany than was the Germany of the Hohenzollerns, and incomparably more European than Nazi Germany. It would comprise regions like the Rhineland, the Palatinate and Baden, always affected by French influence and culture, and lands like Bavaria, that were genuinely opposed to the harder Prussian tradition of the North. The percentage of Catholics in this new Germany would be high, and the strongest political party would be that of the Christian Democratic Union. Supposing such a country could be at once established, its natural political leader would be Herr Schumacher, head of the Christian Democratic Union in the Western zones, and himself a Catholic. With no wish to minimise the contribution that the German Social Democrats could make in such a reconstituted Germany, it can be said that the Christian Democratic Union could do very much indeed to revive and develop Germany in sympathy with Western ideas and so enable Germany to play, politically as well as economically, a highly important part in the recovery of Europe.

Reports suggest that the Western German leaders, at least after the breakdown of the London conference, would welcome this solution. Some solution they must have—from their point of view, and that generally of the Continent; as also from the viewpoint of the occupying Powers. And this is at the moment, possibly for many years to come, the only practicable solution. That it would harden the line of demarcation between Western and Eastern Europe is true; but that cannot be helped. In any case, both the economic and the political recovery of Europe has to come from the West. When the Western countries revive economically, prosperity will spread Eastwards; when they are politically more stable, stability too will move towards the East.

Recovery in Britain

THE attitude of the foreign Press and the sentiments of other peoples often provide a reliable barometer by which to measure the situation in Britain. In midsummer that barometer registered "Low" or even "Stormy." Now it is creeping up to "Fair," if not yet to "Fine." The sustained efforts made by the people of Britain to deal with their economic problems, at much personal cost, are being duly appreciated and admired.

Statistics begin to tell their tale. The weekly coal output of well over four million tons is the most encouraging of all for, if Britain could export fifty million tons of coal a year, half her troubles would be settled. Figures for iron and steel again are encouraging. Textiles unfortunately lag behind and in the export drive their index numbers are considerably below those set as the target for mid-1948. Many details reveal the reality of both effort and production in Britain. During the last week of November, 1947, three million pounds-worth

sterling of British bicycles were ordered by buyers from overseas. The Hercules Cycle Company increased its production in November, 1947, by five per cent. and raised the month's export quota from sixty to seventy per cent. In Redditch, one firm is producing twenty-seven million needles every week : this is three times the pre-war figure, and ninety five per cent. of the total is for export. Production will shortly be further increased to thirty-two million needles per week. One Coventry firm had an output increase in 1947 of no less than 580 per cent. over 1938—with the same number of workers and very little new plant. Sixteen operatives of this firm increased production of motor car cylinders for export from eighty to three hundred daily. These are details which have duly been brought to the knowledge of the Press abroad and have been appropriately noted.

On December 9th, 1947, the British Chamber of Commerce in Buenos Aires entertained to lunch the members of the British Commercial Mission, which is at present visiting the Argentine, and—it is hoped—making suitable agreements with the Argentine Government. In an address at the lunch, attended by nearly five hundred members, Sir Clive Baillieu gave a comprehensive picture of Britain. He pointed out the magnitude of Britain's conversion of her economy from a war-time to a peace-time footing and showed incidentally how completely and ruthlessly Britain's industrial resources had been mobilized for victory. He did not minimize the problems but emphasized the seriousness with which the British people, after two years of some mismanagement and illusions, were facing them. He gave encouraging details of production and ended on a note of confidence in the ultimate result. The speech was widely reported and praised in the Argentine Press, and the two best-known Buenos Aires dailies, *La Prensa* and *La Nación*, printed the text in full.

Foreign observers realize that this effort which is being made in Britain imposes very serious sacrifices on the British people, and that life in Britain to-day is austere and grim. This is particularly so by contrast with some countries of the New World, including the Argentine. The combination of sustained effort and accepted sacrifice is rapidly increasing the general respect for the British people, because of their calm and earnest self-discipline, and because it is realized that Britain has still a very important part to play in the world of to-day and to-morrow.

The Tragedy of the Holy Land

NO one can reflect upon the sad condition of the Holy Land without serious regrets and misgivings. The United Nations Organization decision to partition Palestine between Jews and Arabs, leaving an independent or international area around Jerusalem, was an obvious solution, but it is attended with equally obvious dangers and with the likelihood of war between Jews and Arabs. The U.N.O.

decision provided no machinery for keeping the peace in Palestine after the partition has been carried through. Is the United Nations Organization ready to maintain a permanent armed force there and to shoulder, after partition, a far more serious burden than that which Britain now feels herself obliged to abandon? Are the Jews or U.N.O. to recruit a "Foreign Legion" of tough men to bring further lawlessness into the country? Prospects of peace in the Holy Land appear very remote. It may be, though at present it does not look probable, that more moderate counsels will eventually prevail among the Arabs and that they will accept perforce, if only as a *fait accompli*, the existence of a Jewish State on land which they consider rightly belongs to them. Time might acclimatize them to a *de facto* situation.

The present position makes one reflect upon the shortsightedness and wrongheadedness of British policy in regard to Palestine. For it was the British Government which created this situation by agreeing with the Zionist leaders to establish a Jewish National Home in the Holy Land. It had no right to do so; the land did not belong to Britain, nor had the Zionists any serious title to it. No doubt, the original notion was that this settlement of Jews in Palestine would remain on a small scale. The men who devised it could not foresee the terrible Nazi persecution of the Jews nor the large-scale Jewish exodus from Europe after the war. Had they foreseen these developments, they would in all probability have had nothing to do with this Jewish National Home. And the Arabs rightly ask why they should be penalized for the ill-treatment of Jews in Europe and for the planned emigration out of Europe of the victims of European persecution.

Under circumstances of extreme difficulty and provocation the British administration in Palestine has carried out its task, during the past three years, with great courage and restraint. It has met with ingratitude from the majority of the Jews and impudent terrorism from certain minorities. All this it has countered with a calm discipline and a restraint that at times has been too great for effective administration. In this matter of Palestine the home Government has been in an awkward situation because of the strong support for Zionism, and the political influence of the Jews, in the U.S.A. It is obvious that Britain has borne a major responsibility for the condition of things in Palestine, for she was the godparent of the Jewish settlement there. She now has decided that she can bear that responsibility no longer. Whether she can lay it down quite as easily as that, is another question. It is now to be shouldered by the United Nations Organization which, in this question, must mean by the U.S.A.

The Need for Confidence

THE New Year is a time for resolutions. It is also a time for confidence. For, without this quality, problems can appear far more insoluble than they are, and difficulties loom larger and more

threateningly. When one looks over the world to-day, especially across Europe into Asia, there are many grounds for fear and anxiety. But, at the same time, in one country after another, well-intentioned and often soundly-principled men are grappling with these problems and facing their countries' difficulties. Peoples like the Belgians and Dutch have set themselves doggedly to reconstruct their countries after the occupation and are making a grand success of their work. In France and Italy, where the unity of the populace has been more radically divided, sustained efforts are being made to improve social and economic conditions, to diminish the forces of disintegration and disorder, and to restore a democratic and harmonious society. The failure of Four-Power conferences is not by any means the whole of the story. Behind it, and despite it, great efforts are being made, hard burdens borne, and sacrifices are being accepted generously so that out of distress may come prosperity, out of chaos there may arise order, and that fellowship and friendship between Governments and peoples may supplant the older misery of antagonism and hatred. And in this grand and fully human work of reconstruction millions upon millions of men and women are playing their part, inspired by a faith in the dignity and purpose of the individual human life, an understanding of spiritual truths and values and, in fine, by a trust in the Providence and Love of an overriding God. May 1948 witness a large increase of these efforts and bring upon them an ever more fruitful blessing !

SHORT NOTICE

Dust covers vary, but this book (*She Walks in Beauty*. By Margaret Trouncer, Macdonald, 1947. Pp. 459, 12s. 6d.) has a distinguished cover by Mr. Philip Gough which is in harmony with the novel it adorns. The romantic story covers the first half of the nineteenth century in France. Mrs. Trouncer is at home in the period, her bibliography indicates some of her sources but does not convey her intimate knowledge of the period in which she sets her characters. They are alive, however, and their setting is by turns lively and grim, as when the cholera epidemic of 1832 kills off the heroine's husband ; but this background only enhances the truth of the characterisation. Whiffs of anti-clericalism are in the vein of the period ; and if a Thackeray can be allowed his own observations in his novels then Mrs. Margaret Trouncer has distinguished precedent for her lampooning of Loupendou—a faint disguise of a great man. The authoress has a number of successful novels to her credit, but this is her best book so far and should win her an even wider circle of readers. In the later printings which will certainly be called for, she might persuade the printers not to set in italic each and every French phrase or word in the book. This, with the occasional correction of a Latin tag here and there, will remove any ground even of carping criticism. Colour, life, a good story, historical and psychological truth, are all there ; the book will not stay long on library shelves.

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO CENTENARY

THE year 1848 may be called the birth-year of ideas which are now the determining forces of the European scene. These forces have acted all through the century which separates us from that year of European disturbances which, though they were ephemeral, were in a true sense the beginning of an era. The men and events of that time are almost forgotten ; the terminology and the style of that Europe seem to us strange and almost archaic ; and if the only justification for the writing of history were to draw useful lessons for the present from analogous situations in the past, then there are many historic periods which would provide us with more striking analogies, and perhaps even with more practical lessons, than the comparatively near past of 1848. The European picture of the moment shows greater similarities with the 13th century when Tartar horses were grazing on the banks of the Danube, or with the 5th and 6th centuries when law and order were breaking down under the exhaustion of conflict in every corner of the Continent, and when ruins of once famous cities became refuges for homeless and hungry migrating tribes. All this is more like to-day than the Paris of the last days of Louis Philippe, where the younger sons of a bored bourgeoisie applauded Lamartine's easy rhetoric ; or than the German capitals of that date, where grotesque miniature Governments broke down before a shouting crowd of excited undergraduates and demonstrating workers.

But history is not concerned only with analogies and the lesson to be drawn from them. It is ultimately, like every science, an investigation into the full and complete meaning of notions (and words) which, like empires, have their greatness and their fall, and this because they have contributed to that greatness or that fall. Notions misused in politics may, at length, become *mere* words ; but it was their meaning in their original historic context which gave them life, and which, if they survive, keeps them alive. The year 1848 was the birth-year of Socialism, of Nationalism, and of Christian Democracy ; watchwords of the three parties which, under slightly varying names, are still contending for the control of Europe's present and future estate.

Believers in the Rights of Man, formulated in abstractions by the French Revolution, endeavoured during the next half century to give them a more exact and concrete expression. The European crisis of 1848 was the spectacular culmination of these efforts. The "Liberation of Man", as meaning the enjoyment of all human possibilities and potentialities, unfettered by religious or secular authority, or by

any other consideration than the liberty of other men (to safeguard which was to be the State's only legitimate function), was felt to be still incomplete. It could not be perfect while property and heredity preserved obvious and striking inequalities between one man and another.

The comparative calming of passions which followed the Revolution did not survive the weakness and inertia of France after the collapse of 1815. When France (and especially the French Army which never really resigned itself to defeat) felt strong enough to take an active and leading part once more in European events, nothing seemed better calculated, as a means for attack on the hostile coalition built upon the ruins of French military power, than the principles of the Revolution. The well-do-do proprietor class in France took care, of course, to apply these principles in France itself with great moderation and with ample qualifications. Louis-Philippe, the King of the bourgeoisie and of the "Barricades", was chiefly concerned, along with the ex-Napoleonic generals who rallied to him, to end the isolation of France by a rapprochement with Britain. In that country Pitt's nightmare about French hegemony was dissipated after Waterloo; and under Palmerston's long rule at the Foreign Office the tendency was to desire an increase of French strength as a bulwark against the Holy Alliance. This bloc, headed by Russia, was now regarded as the force most likely to upset the "balance of power" restored on the fall of Napoleon.

Thus, since 1830, the malcontents in all the countries controlled by the Holy Alliance could count, not only on traditional hospitality, but even on some degree of active sympathy and support, in Paris and London. The same was true of Brussels, the capital of the new Belgian state which, after that date, represented a sort of synthesis of British and French ideas and interests. These cities, in the years between the French July Revolution of 1830 and the more international upheaval which followed Louis-Philippe's fall in February 1848, were the centres of many activities directed against the powers and the governments of the Holy Alliance. Three national groups were prominent among these activists: Poles, Italians and Germans. The line pursued by the Poles was that of diplomacy. Their leaders were statesmen and soldiers. Their case was a constitutional one, though some of them based greater hopes on a European Revolution, led by France and fought out by French arms, than on Congresses where Britain and France should take up the case of Poland as a violation of "the public law of Europe." The Italians, in Paris, London and Brussels, were agitators. With less access to Cabinets than the Poles they appealed to public opinion; conspired, from their foreign bases, against the various governments of Italy; and organized, especially in Britain, groups of the foreign friends of their cause. The German refugees wrote books, founded societies, and discussed in interminable debates

the vocabulary of a new religion and a new system of mystical politics.

Strictly speaking, most of these Germans were hardly political refugees. Political persecution in the German states was rare and comparatively mild; most German states still followed the French Code introduced by Napoleon. Some of them, after the French July Revolution, adopted a Liberal constitutional régime. It was the provincial narrowness of the intellectual atmosphere, rather than political oppression, that German writers like Heine and Boerne sought to escape by living in Paris. And it was poverty, rather than persecution, which moved German craftsmen and workers towards Paris, Brussels and London, where, with a better market for their skill, they found less administrative interference than in the old Germany of thirty federal states with that which the worker of the pre-machine age considered his most essential liberty: his freedom to move from city to city.

But in the West new problems, hardly known in patriarchal Germany, faced these emigrants, namely the machine, and the threat to the value of their working skill which every new mechanical invention produced. But if just utility was to be the principle of all productive activity, in the new equalitarian society of the West (and this was precisely what the German emigrant writers, sneering at "backward" Germany, extolled as their ideal of progress), then there could be no objection to the machine, which evidently provided goods in greater quantity and at cheaper prices. The great industrial cities of the West often exposed the German worker to a misery harsher than he could remember in his own frugal and patriarchal home. So the more fortunate of them migrated yet further, towards the still empty spaces of America which seemed to promise them prosperity and fortune. Others, returning to Germany, realized that she too would not long withstand the Western trend, and that the machine was equally a problem for the worker of "backward" Germany and for the worker in the "progressive" countries.

Did this injury to the individual, and to his skill as an individual, lie with "Equality" itself, with the very principle of "Progress"? Some traditionalists thought so; Carlyle in his "Past and Present"¹ was the most notable among them. But young Disraeli in England, and young Catholics like Montalembert and Ozanam in France, saw in the growth of Democracy the prospect of a return to sound and Christian traditions. They also hoped that it would end the political predominance of economic and utilitarian motives; and lessen the influence of those classes which had acquired power by economic and utilitarian activities.

It was in these circumstances that the German working class movement began abroad, mainly in London, Paris and Brussels. The

¹ A polemical recension of "Past and Present" by the young Friedrich Engels marks an important step in his development.

intellectual German emigrants were hammering out a new social philosophy, which at first, though influenced by the countries which gave them hospitality, gained few adherents there. The German workingmen's societies abroad were numerous after 1830. The "Communist Society" held a Congress in London in September, 1847, from which emanated the famous "~~Manifesto~~ Manifesto", published in Brussels, in December of the same year, by the German economist Frederick Engels and the philosopher Karl Marx. The Communist Society was but one of many similar associations having their headquarters in Paris, London and Zurich. The common doctrinal foundation of these societies—which, it has been asserted, used a ceremony of initiation similar to that practised by Free-Masons and the Carbonari¹—was "Equality", the denial of any religious or political authority outside the free and voluntary association to which they adhered. Their statutes were largely copied from French models: the "*Société des Égaux*" of "Gracchus" Baroeuf, an obscure and forgotten Jacobin conspirer against the Directoire after Robespierre's fall, and the "*Société des Saisons*" of Armand Barber and Auguste Blanqui, youthful Republican opponents of the July Monarchy, who thus named their association for greater secrecy.

Unlike traditionalists and Christian romantics (who blamed utilitarian philosophy for the material and spiritual misery of the working classes) the societies whose ideas are synthesised in the "Manifesto" saw the causes of poverty in an incomplete application of Liberty and Equality. (Fraternity, sounding too Christian, was relegated to the background.) Man's rights, they said, were proclaimed, but not yet applied; political authority still existed not based on the perfectly free consent of the governed. So long as man endures any bondage which is not of his own choice, he is not free; so long as property remains individual, or inherited, not under the social control of the community, men are not free. The word freedom was not understood by these enthusiasts in the Christian sense: a liberty of responsible choice between good and better. Nor was it understood in the Liberal sense, as a liberty of opinion and expression within the limits of reason and of the common good. Freedom for them meant freedom from impediments for the individual, due to inheritance, to education and, most of all, to religion. Morality, religion and law, they considered, are only prejudices serving the bourgeois class interests. All this the authors of the "Manifesto" proclaim. Nor was Equality conceived by them in any accord with the Christian notion of an equal destiny for all human souls profiting by the operations of Grace. It rather meant for them an equal isolation of every individual from historic traditions, and an equal chance to live by "free" and individual judgements.

¹ Charles Andler: *Le manifeste communiste, Introduction et commentaires historiques*. Paris 1901. Pp. 23, sq.

History, in fact, was to be started again, by a new perfectly voluntary association of men. But it was felt, and logically enough, that until the full enlightenment and awakening of the rest of mankind could be achieved, some sort of transitory, revolutionary dictatorship was indispensable. This should be exercised by the already enlightened minority. What form should that dictatorship have? It might be a particular nation: Barbes would say the French, because they began the Revolution; Mazzini would argue, the Italians because they first united mankind under Republican Rome; Herzen and Bakunin would say the Slavs, because they renounce property and live in a propertyless brotherhood in the Russian "Mirs." Blanqui, however, declared that the enlightened minority should be a free fighting association, which acquires power in the actual struggle. Fichte's followers felt that the Germans alone possess, as their master said, the "sense of the future", the sense of "spiritual depth", the key of all human knowledge through analysis; and so the primacy is theirs. Finally, and this was Weitling's vision (though the doctrine of the author of "*Garantien der Harmonie und der Freiheit*" is not very clear, and is somewhat unexplored by commentators): those most oppressed, and most deprived of any benefits in the old world, are the workers; then it is they, as a class, who should start History anew. The doctrine offered by Marx and Engels, in 1847, was a synthesis of this latter view with the German claim for primacy by science: "The German working class is the inheritor of the philosophy of Kant, Fichte and Hegel."

This question of primacy or leadership in the Revolution was the most widely discussed topic in the classics of the egalitarian mystics. All agreed that the chief wrongs suffered by mankind lay in elements inherited from the past. That was why history must start again. But who should start it, and be entitled to exercise the necessary revolutionary dictatorship until perfect equality and perfect freedom should prevail? It was to this question that the "Manifesto" of 1847, the successor to other manifestos now forgotten, was to give an answer. The answer, disguised under such terms as "dialectic materialism", was that Action (not the *word*, not doctrine and theory) was what man needed to overcome his limitations, his "Necessity". Further it was proclaimed that mechanical inventions were now about to conquer man's Necessity for him. Then, when Necessity is no more, Man will be free from his own "anthropomorphic lie", i.e. his tendency to religion, which is but himself made a god to succour or to explain away his Necessity. Man (or rather proletarian man, for the non-proletarian minority escapes Necessity) has only to loosen his own chains and a whole world will be his: the world of his own unfettered, natural, "secular" self. Man will then be free to be himself. What that real self is will be defined for him by those who know; and woe to man if ever, rejecting their definition, he should return to the

"anthropomorphism" of all his previous history : in fact, to religion, or to the recognition of any other authority than that of his new masters and teachers.

A century has passed since this perspective of Man's future was opened by Marx' and Engels' "Manifesto". In obedience to it not a few men have attempted to shoulder the mighty load of a "natural self" freed from all bonds and all supports. Some begin now to long for the lighter burden of authority and "necessity". The weights which Man must carry in the Realm of Freedom, constructed by German science and proclaimed in the famous "Manifesto", are heavier than any thing he has known in the past.

BÉLA MENCZER

SHORT NOTICES

Father Lelotte's book, **The Principles and Methods of Catholic Action**, is already well known in its English translation. His publisher (Casterman of Tournai & Paris) will probably soon be approached for a translation of "La Solution du Problème de la Vie." The first of its five parts has just appeared. As a piece of modern apologetic for the educated man and woman it is admirable ; the treatment is brief but very sympathetic, the problems are fairly faced, and there are excellent quotations which will doubtless be used by many who have to give popular lectures or conferences on apologetics. Those who have to catechize higher classes in secondary schools, as well as those who would like to freshen their convert instruction classes, will find the booklet, of some sixty pages, valuable. Perhaps it is a pity that the publication was not delayed until all the five parts were ready together ; but the greatest pity is that here in England the iniquity of the times makes a work of this kind so hard to obtain.

In Anglican quarters the Mirfield Books plan to do what the Tracts for the Times did a century ago. Their purpose is to give clear orthodox teaching about fundamentals of Catholic faith and morals, and subjects closely allied thereto. Dom Augustine Morris of Nashdom, in his book **The God of the Christians** (Dacre Press : 5d.) succeeds admirably in this purpose. His book is concerned principally with that knowledge of God which man can draw from the contemplation of His creatures. His method is apologetic, dogmatic, and occasionally hortatory. The exposition is clear, restrained and confident. Expressions such as this : "God's holiness is a consequence of His goodness" are rather disconcerting ; but there are others, far more numerous, which are particularly happy : for instance (p. 57), "The very fact that man can be a materialist demonstrates his spirituality." What a Catholic will appreciate in this book is the clear, frank and unambiguous doctrinal position of its author.

LOST OASES

[Brigadier T. B. Trappes-Lomax hopes to complete a work with the above title on some of the landed Catholic families who survived the shock of the 'Elizabethan Settlement,' many of them for a considerable period; but eventually, whether by the pressure of repeated fines leading to the loss of their estates, force of circumstances, failure of issue, or failure of courage, disappeared from the noble list of Catholic upholders of a persecuted Faith, shelterers of its priests, providers and protectors at great risk of its means of grace in the Holy Mass and the Sacraments. We are glad to print here, with a brief sketch of the scope and purpose of the book, an example of the manner in which it will deal with such family histories.—ED.]

WHEN in 1558 Elizabeth came to the throne the total population of England and Wales was about 4,000,000: in 1780 it had more than doubled and stood at some 9,000,000. How many of the 4,000,000 in 1558 were Catholics? In the absence of data one man's guess is as good as another. For myself I would deduct 10 per cent. for agnostics, an ever present phenomenon, and a further 20 per cent for converts to Protestantism. The persecution of Mary's reign did little but confirm the Church's enemies in their hatred. I doubt, therefore, if there were more than 2,800,000 Catholics at Elizabeth's succession. By 1780 they had fallen to some 60,000. This represents a decrease from 70 per cent. of the population to rather less than 7 per cent.

This landslide can be examined from two angles. Why did it happen? How was it arrested?

The answer to the first question embraces a host of factors such as the loss of the parish churches, the loss of the educational system, the capture of the Government by our enemies, the physical difficulty of introducing counter propaganda and priests through ports in enemy control, the lack of priests, the ill distribution of those there were, the lack of effective ecclesiastical rule, jealousies and quarrels within the clerical body and their results on the laity, the poor example of the parish priests from 1559 to 1563, clerical poverty, the Marian terror, Foxe's Book of Martyrs, the unlovely spectacles of the Inquisition, of the massacre of St. Bartholomew and of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the declaration of war by the Papacy on Elizabeth and its prosecution from 1570 to as late as (say) 1600 by way of the support of invasion and rebellion and the condonation of her assassination, the treasonable practices of English Catholics abroad, and insurrection and plots by them at home, the defence of the Deposing Power long after the conditions which could justify it (if indeed they ever did) had passed away, the Powder Plot, the handle that all this gave to the Government to suspect the civil allegiance of Catholics, the hatred of

the Church and her rites as idolatrous, the growth of scepticism, the anxiety over the title to Church lands, the poisoning of men's minds by the Popish Plot, the loss of the Civil war, the folly of James II, the '15 and the '45, and the Penal Laws which supported the Schismatic movement of 1559-1641 and led to the social, political and judicial ostracism which culminated in the apathy of the 18th century.

Perhaps at some future date it will be possible to examine these causes of the landslide in some detail. Our present concern is with the factors which mitigated it. We may put first the devoted priests who, generation after generation, laboured at the peril of their lives to instruct, to minister the sacraments, and above all to preserve the mass. But priests must eat and have somewhere to lay their heads and some place in which to set up their altars, however small. It was these things which the laity provided, and provided at but little less risk than they for whom the service was rendered. Surely to them St. Paul's words may be applied, "I salute Prisca and Aquila and the church which is in their house." The investigation of these harbourers and of those they harboured would involve, on the one hand, a study of everything which has been recorded of the priests who worked in this English vineyard, and, on the other, a search for the houses up and down the land where they were made welcome. This last is not a difficult task in the case of those homes such as Lulworth, Broughton, Oxburgh, Houghton, Swynnerton, Danby, Coughton and Handred : where Welds, Tempests, Bedingfelds, Langdales, Fitzherberts, Scropes, Throckmortons and Eystons are still in possession of their muniment rooms, and still provide Catholic facilities as of old.

It is in the houses which are no longer owned by Catholics—the lost oases of the Faith—that the scent grows feebler, for here by the very nature of the case interest in, and the recollection of, things Catholic has passed away. Such are Croxteth, Firle, Birling, Dene, Hutton John, Naworth, Holme, Pierrepont, Arlington, Ripley, Chillington, Powis, Raglan : where Molyneuxes, Gages, Nevilles, Brudenells, Hudlestons, Howards, Pierreponts, Chichesters, Inglebys, Giffards, Herberts and Somersets, though still occupying their ancient homes, have abandoned the religion of their ancestors. They provide, however, in their archives, the chance of picking up the line, a thing no longer possible in the case of those houses which have been sold. Such are Stockeld, Hazlewood, Nidd, Hassop, Stourton, Talacre, Cossey, Eslington, Brandsby : where Middletons, Vavasours, Trappes, Eyres, Stourtons, Jerninghams, Collingwoods and Cholmeleys have given way to others, and, more often than not, have dispersed their documents in the process.

Most difficult of all, yet for that very reason the most satisfactory to pursue, are the homes whose Catholic owners have died out. Such are Whiteknights, Upton, Nunney, Towneley, Whitestaunton, Cuffaud, Ashby Folville, Standish, Wycliffe, Gilling, Metham,

Merstham, Wellhall, Hempstead, Nash, Rushton, Ladyholt, Dilston, Slindon, Longwood, Callaly, Appleton, Hinlip, Huddington, Barnborough, Hintlesham, Acton, Eccleston, Marnhull, Coldham, Nappa, Park, St. Thomas's, Brightwell, Beoley, Edgbaston, Kettleby, Washingborough, Haigh : whence Englefields, Perkins, Praters, Townleys, Bretts, Cuffaids, Smiths, Standishes, Wycliffes, Fairfaxes, Methams, Southcotes, Ropers, Guldefords, Hawkins, Treshams, Carylls, Radcliffes, Kemps, Holmans, Claverings, Pastons, Abingtons, Wintours, Mores, Timperleys, Daniels, Ecclestons, Husseys, Rookwoods, Metcalfes, Hoghtons, Fowlers, Simeons, Sheldons, Middlemores, Tyrwhitts, Eures and Bradshaighs have gone down to extinction ; and often the very stones of their houses have crumbled to decay.

WHITESTAUNTON MANOR

An example of particular interest is Whitestaunton Manor in the parish of Whitestaunton, six miles west of Chard in Somersetshire. This tiny picturesque hamlet, consisting as it does only of the Manor house, church and vicarage, a set of farm buildings and four cottages, nestles delightfully in a hollow to which on all sides but one green fields slope. Its advantages were recognised as long ago as the Roman occupation of this island, as the tessellated pavement of a Roman villa testifies.

The Manor House has been built at two periods, the earlier being probably in the 15th century and the later being the work of John Brett who was alive as late as 1587 (Somerset Arch. Soc., XLIX, Pt. I, 32, 34, 35). The fine panelling in two of the rooms of the later building embody the initials A.B., but there is no clue as to which Alexander Brett they indicate. The Brett arms over the fireplace in the lower room impale the Coat of Arms of Mary White, the wife of Sir Robert Brett whom she married c. 1630. The point of junction of the two portions is marked by a very curious feature, the arched wooden beams of the roof of the hall of the older building being encased in the later addition.

It may perhaps be doubted whether John Brett was an avowed Catholic since he was High Sheriff of Somerset in 1579, and the same may probably be said of his son Sir Alexander, since, while the name of his second wife Anne Giffard is included, his own is not, in a list of Somerset recusants drawn up between 1591 and 1606. This list proves the existence of a Catholic cell at Whitestaunton, for it gives the names of nine recusants in the parish, a total exceeded in Somerset only at Trent, the home of the Catholic Gerards, at Bratton Seymour the home of the Catholic Byfleets, at Nunney the home of the Catholic Praters and at Nether Stowey, the birthplace of Robert Persons, S.J.

The Whitestaunton group includes two grooms and "John Muttlebury gentleman." Now the father of John (Placid) Muttlebury,

al. Mallett, O.S.B. (who was born in Somerset c. 1563, came to England in 1601 and was banished from Cornwall in 1606) is stated in Birt's *Obits*, p. 13, to have been, probably, a John Muttlebury of Whitestaunton. Is it not possible that "John Muttlebury gentleman" conceals the Benedictine, unless we assume that the father was still alive some 37 years after the birth of his son? And if the father was alive, what is more likely than that the son should visit him as he moved through Somerset into Cornwall? It is difficult to account for the groups of recusants which the list discloses unless a local family provided opportunities for Mass and the Sacraments, either by harbouring a resident chaplain or by giving shelter to travelling priests, a class which was sufficiently numerous early in the 17th century to warrant the publication of a small pocket missal "*pro sacerdotibus itinerantibus*."

Here, as in so many other instances, we may safely attribute the Catholic life of Whitestaunton to the wife of Sir Alexander, Anne Giffard who was a sister of the Archbishop of Reims, was herself heavily fined for recusancy in 1610, and brought up one of her sons, Robert, born c. 1597, to become a Benedictine priest. He took as his name in religion the same name, Gabriel, that his uncle the Archbishop had used, and he spent two periods on the English mission, from 1640 to 1645, and from 1661 to his death 12 Aug., 1665, in Drury Lane. It is improbable that he did not find time to visit his family, if, indeed, he did not act as its chaplain. (*Birt's Obits* 44; *Downside Review*, v. 40, xvii 149, *Proceedings of Somerset Arch. Soc.* XXVIII, Part II, p. 84.)

Anne's eldest son, Alexander, chose his wife from the Catholic family of Kirkham of Blagdon in Devonshire and one of her daughters at any rate, Anne, married a Catholic husband in Edward Keynes of Compton Pouncefoot, Somerset, some 40 miles from Whitestaunton. She thus became the mother of two Jesuits, George and John, and the grandmother of a third, Alexander.

Before the possible connection of these three Jesuits with Whitestaunton is traced, it is relevant to note how the ownership of Whitestaunton descended. On the death of Sir Alexander Brett in 1609 he was succeeded by his son Alexander, who had possession for only 6 years, dying in 1617. He in turn was followed by his son Sir Robert, whose career was a chequered one. He was not only an ardent Royalist at the time of the Civil War, but was also a Catholic, being described in the Calendar of the Proceedings of the Committee for Compounding, under the year 1644, as "a papist in arms." These were unfavourable qualifications, and it was probably as a consequence of the heavy financial penalties that he suffered that Sir Robert found difficulty in fulfilling the terms of a family settlement which required him to raise £4,000 (probably the equivalent of some £50,000 now) from Whitestaunton for the benefit of his younger

children. Thereupon his eldest son Alexander brought an action against him, won it, and turned his father out of the house. This was in 1640 or 1641, so that from then until his death at Whitestaunton in 1671 Alexander was the owner-occupier of the family home.

About 1664, Sir Robert, who had taken refuge with a Mr. Hussey of Hilton, Co. Dorset, married his daughter's maid, the ceremony being performed at the White Hart Inn in Hindon, Co. Wilts, before one Gowin "who was presumed to be a Roman Catholic priest" (Somerset Arch Soc. Proceedings XXVIII or XXIX). It is just possible that the priest was an old friend of Sir Robert's in his palmier days, and may have stayed at Whitestaunton. I cannot identify him; he was not John Gawen, S.J., the martyr, who landed in England only in 1671, but he was almost certainly a member of the extremely staunch recusant family of Gawen of Norrington, Co. Wilts, and, from early in the 17th century, of Horsington in Somerset: which perhaps reinforces the suggestion that Sir Robert was acquainted with him. Before the evil days fell upon Sir Robert he had married as his first wife, Mary, daughter of Richard White of Hutton, in Essex. She was therefore niece to the secular priest Thomas White, alias Blacklow, who was the leader of a very considerable section of Catholics, both clerical and lay, which wished to go as far as it held to be possible, and in fact went further than was perhaps justified, in winning a tolerable existence for the English Catholics by conciliating Government in the long-vexed question of their civil allegiance in general, and of the various oaths, in particular, which were demanded of them by Government. In so acting Thomas White and his supporters incurred in the eyes of a section of their fellow Catholics, among whom the Jesuits were pre-eminent, the odium of disloyalty to the Holy See. Now Thomas White was in England from c. 1633 to c. 1650, and again from c. 1651 to his death on 6 July, 1676. If he ever visited the west country with the object of forwarding his policy, and he had ample opportunity, his niece's home will almost certainly have seen him. Do we catch a trace of his influence, if not his presence, in a letter written by Alexander Keynes, S.J., the grandson of Anne Brett? Alexander is describing the conditions obtaining in the counties of Cornwall and Devon when he was working there, about the time of the Oates Plot. He writes: "The secular clergy, though friendly where occasion of meeting them occurs, yet differ from us (i.e. the Jesuits) upon the question of the condemned oath of allegiance and supremacy, which they defend" (Foley Records S.J., V. 969).

To return to Alexander Brett, the evictor of his father. He enjoyed the ownership of Whitestaunton until his death without issue, 1 July, 1671. He was succeeded by his brother Robert, who being a Jesuit priest could not retain the property. Robert thereupon did a remarkable thing. He did not hand over the estate to either of his younger brothers (I have no proof that they were alive), but to Alexander's

widow, Elizabeth, who was a Brett by birth though her relationship to her husband has not been established. I suspect that he came to this improbable decision because, while he could trust her to maintain Whitestaunton as a Catholic centre, he could not so trust his brothers. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Elizabeth enjoyed her inheritance until her death in Dec., 1713, and, as will be seen when we examine the missionary careers of the three Jesuit Keynes, her cousins, there are some grounds for believing that Whitestaunton still opened its doors to Catholic priests at least as late as 1679.

Meanwhile Robert Brett, S.J., came to England in 1670, and was detailed to the Jesuit Devonshire District, which covered Devonshire and Cornwall, and worked there till 1675. It is hardly conceivable, Whitestaunton being only three miles from the Devonshire border, that he did not visit his sister-in-law if only to see once again the scenes of his childhood, and perhaps to draw up the legal documents required by his settlement of his home upon her (Foley Records S.J., VII. 82.).

We must now return to Anne Brett who married Edward Keynes of Compton Pauncefoot, and her two sons, George and John, and her grandson Alexander. All three became Jesuits (incidentally, the family provided at least five more members of the Society). George never served in England (Foley Records S.J., VII, 416), but John spent three periods in the country, about 1672, about 1678 and from about 1684 to certainly as late as the end of 1688. He may well have visited his old home, which is only some 25 miles from that of his mother, whither, too, his missionary duties perhaps called him (Foley Records S.J., VII, 416, 417).

We are on firmer ground with the grandson Alexander, who came to England in 1666, while still a secular priest, and was in England again from c. 1669, having joined the Jesuits, until 1679, from about 1681 to 1688, and finally from about 1694 to about 1711. During two of these periods he worked in the Jesuit Devonshire District. The report which he wrote concerning his experiences during the Oates persecution shows how he left Devonshire to stay with his mother at Compton Pauncefoot, and how after a week he moved with her into Dorset, and how after another month he determined to return to his Devonshire friends. "Mounting my horse," he writes, "I made a two days' journey and arrived at a Catholic house, where one of my relations lived where I found one of our Fathers, Father John Martin. When I had made known to them my plans, all of them intreated me not to expose myself to danger without cause; that I was already known in Devonshire, and there reported to be a priest, and that all the roads were blockaded by guards, who examined every passer by with numberless questions. They begged me therefore to desist from my intended journey for the present and advised me to send a trusty Protestant servant to visit my chief friends in Devonshire and bring me letters from them both to cheer me and direct my future course" (Foley

V, 965, 966 ; VII, 415). It is clear that the house where he broke his journey was in Somerset, and not in Devon ; Whitestaunton is three miles from the Devon border. The house belonged to a relative. Whitestaunton belonged in 1678 to Elizabeth Brett, the wife of his second cousin ; the house was a two day ride from the place in Dorset from which he started ; one would expect to find it therefore on the Devon rather than on the Dorset side of Somerset. If all this be better than an idle guess, we have proved the presence of a Jesuit at Whitestaunton about 1678. He is undoubtedly John Martin, S.J., who served in the Jesuit Devonshire District from 1676, was its superior in 1685, and had left it by 1701 (Foley VII, 490). Is it not possible that Robert Brett, S.J., designed his home to become the H.Q. of the Jesuit Devonshire District when he gave it over to his sister-in-law ?

But by now the sands were running out at Whitestaunton, as they had run out for so many Catholic houses in the preceding century and would so continue in the next. Elizabeth, on her death in December, 1713, left her unexpectedly acquired home to her niece Ann Brett, about whose religious convictions no evidence survives. By 1729 Whitestaunton had been sold to a Protestant and so the Lamp of the Faith flickered and went out in this Somerset hamlet : for ever, so far as one can foresee with merely human eyes.

T. B. TRAPPES-LOMAX.

SHORT NOTICES

The Way of Perfection of St. Teresa is a Mercier Press publication, price 10s. 6d. It appears to be the first time this spiritual classic has been translated in America. Alice Alexander has used the Escorial and Valladolid manuscripts of the saint's treatise, incorporating passages omitted from one or the other very skilfully in her translation. Certainly the result is most satisfactory, for so much of the saint's deepest thought can lie in a phrase or even in the special use of a single word. Fr. Angelus M. Kopp, O.C.D., of the Carmel of Washington, has contributed an introduction that is a model of clear and exact thought and concise expression. The book leaves nothing to be desired in printing or binding ; and the type and paper are a joy to behold in these austere days. One very useful feature is in the full titles given to the chapters, each containing in three or four lines almost a summary of the chapter's contents. We warmly commend this edition.

The Manresa Press has published at a shilling a short **Life of Fr. John Driscoll, S.J.**, of the Sacred Heart Church, Wimbledon, written by Fr. H. Lillie, S.J., of Farm Street. At both these churches Fr. Driscoll was really ' Master of the Music ' in the fullest sense of the word, and that for several decades until his sudden death in 1940. Fr. Lillie has brought out admirably the characteristic traits of a strong yet lovable personality, besides very justly assessing the value of the contribution he made to religious music during this period. It is the life of a Jesuit in which everyone will find some interest, whether the Father was known to them or not in his lifetime.

MISSION NEEDS IN CHINA

IF it appear at first the height of presumption for a layman to take stock of the missionary situation in China, the reader will soon see that this survey is not made in the spirit of a carping critic, but on the contrary by a layman who wishes to urge the need of a lay-apostolate for China ; which indeed he has been trying, in his own very small way, to exercise as professor at the Catholic University of Peiping, and, long before that, in India. And he feels that this is the moment—when his quite recent return to China has not yet permitted him to get swallowed up in the details of routine—to look at the forest as a whole, before buckling again to the task of tackling single trees. When one sees, with a joy not unmingled with awe, how victoriously our university of Fu Jen has come out of the tribulations of the past nine years, how solidly its name seems by now to have been established in the mind of the general public, how generously the National Government acknowledges its success in keeping up the morale of the rising generation in the occupied territories : one is filled with new hope for the possibilities of such work in the raising of a Catholic cultural élite in China.

I therefore trust that the reader will patiently bear with me and forgive me if I venture to speak of matters which cannot but have an interest for all missionaries, clerical as well as lay. After all, we are all in the same boat, which is the barque of St. Peter ; we shall all sink or swim together ; and it may therefore be permissible even for a layman, who disclaims any meddling with the navigation bridge or engineroom which are definitely not his business, to submit certain ideas for what they are worth. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings . . .

Of all the factors lowering Chinese receptivity to the message we bring them I would assign pride of place to the Occidental's superiority Complex, based on a belief in the material, technical, superiority of the Machine Age, and so glaringly exemplified by the unequal Chinese treaties of unhappy memory which were ushered in by the Opium War in 1839. Occidentals have since then assumed a general attitude of racial superiority over " the heathen Chinese " quite unwarranted by their general culture, which, indeed the Chinese on their part have continued to consider inferior to their own.

Though the vast majority of Catholic missionaries in China deeply regret this " colonialism " of the 19th century and its carry-over into the 20th, other Occidentals do not seem to realize the extent to which allowance must be made for Chinese just resentment, and even unjust touchiness, about such an attitude. The most deplorable result of

this, as we have been told by Dom Vincent Martin,¹ is that "the general run of Chinese, with the exception of the Christian communities and of students returned from abroad, still consider all Christian Missions simply as the spiritual vanguard of occidental nations seeking merely political aggrandizement."

To meet this prejudice it seems hardly enough on our part merely to protest our political disinterestedness and neutrality. The Chinese must be made to feel that we really do not harbour any ideas of racial superiority, and that we habitually judge the dealings of our own government in the same light of justice and truth in which we should judge the government of other countries and of China itself. They must be convinced that we truly and ardently desire that this great nation shall fill, politically and economically, as well as culturally, the rôle to which their national virtues, their resources and their own millenarian civilization so clearly entitle them.

This we should do effectively if our missionaries went out of their way to inculcate in their teaching the virtue of patriotism. If we try to imagine a foreign missionary in a pagan America, would he not make a point of teaching his charges to become good American citizens? Indeed, would he not be expected by the American public, as the best proof of his good intentions, to apply for American citizenship as soon as he was qualified to do so? It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the foreign missionary in China, also, could give no clearer proof of his political *bona fides* than to apply sooner or later for naturalization as a citizen of the country, the super-naturalization of which he has felt a divine call to assist: and this by becoming "everything by turns to everybody, to bring everybody salvation," as St. Paul puts it. (1 Cor. 22.)

Another point to which Dom Vincent drew attention is what might be called the *Ivory Tower* (inaccessible castle) in which the missionary in China is deemed to live. The expression used by the Chinese is *pi men*, literally "an obstructed door." The phrase, which implies the unfriendly reception a would-be visitor might get, is often used for the aloofness and inaccessibility of foreigners in China. The non-Christian Chinese has, of course, little conception of the extremely busy life led by the missionary, whose time is more than taken up with fulfilling the duties he owes to his own flock. Nor does he realize that the life of a Religious—and the great majority of missionaries in China are members of a religious community—precludes him

¹ Dom Vincent Martin, O.S.B., seconded by his monastery in Szechuan in 1938 as assistant of the late Fr. Vincent Lebbe, took over from him charge of the Medical Company of the 12th Division of the Chinese Army, in which he held the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At the front with his Division during three years' incessant fighting against the Japanese, he was taken prisoner with his men in 1941 and only liberated in October, 1945, after which date he remained for another six months in the Chinese Army. In July, 1943, he was asked by his fellow-missionaries and fellow-internees at Weihsien Camp to speak to them on the Chinese attitude to Catholic Missionary Work. An abstract of this lecture was published in the *Collectanea* of the Synodal Commission, Peiping, in 1944, on which I have largely drawn.

from merging himself in the social life of the town, more particularly if the town is a city of some importance.

The fact remains that the upper-class Chinese seldom meet Catholic missionaries, and that when they do meet them the dividing wall between is much too obvious. Sometimes this may be due to the diffidence and shyness of the missionary, who is aware that the idiom he uses in the villages and amongst his own people will not enable him to cut a fine figure in polite Chinese society. And here we touch on the result of past missionary policy. After the collapse of the Ricci plan to convert China from the top, the view has almost exclusively prevailed that China must be converted from the bottom. To-day we are all aware that the results of this plan are inadequate, and that the right way to proceed is by a combination of both methods. The need to form a Catholic Chinese élite to supply future Chinese leaders, must needs urge the missionary to obtain a closer acquaintance with the cultural and social background of upper-class Chinese. If he is to achieve this object he must provide himself with more frequent opportunities of getting into personal touch with them. Possibly a solution of the problem would be the existence of laymen, taking their religion seriously, whose business it would be to mingle on equal terms in good Chinese society. But what a help it would be if our missionaries also could qualify for personal acquaintance with the ruling classes of the country, not only by a thorough knowledge of the language, but also by acquaintance with the social usages and etiquette of polite society. The gift of social grace is not given to everybody, and no one would expect to see all Catholic missionaries thronging the *salons* of high society ; but still much good would be done if many of them were "good mixers" and took every opportunity to break down the existing prejudice against them that they have "no use for" the non-Christian better class Chinese.

Much of this *pi men* prejudice is due, of course, to the occidental mentality of the foreigner. Chinese friends have told Dom Vincent that in their opinion 60 per cent. of the obstacles to a whole-hearted acceptance of the foreigner by the people of China is due to the former's temperamental attitude to life ; language difficulties they would rate at only 30 per cent., and all the other obstacles at 10 per cent. The Occidental prides himself on being frank, efficient, business-like, to the point, logical, down-right. He has no use for "face," for lengthy preliminaries, for procrastination. The Chinese on the contrary see in such behaviour only a crude egoism that cannot be bothered to discover patiently the manner in which the case presents itself to the other party ; a boorishness that betrays a complete lack of manners and cultural polish ; a childish impatience with the slowness of organic growth and development ; an intellectual denseness which is unresponsive to finer shades and allusions of meaning, and which would treat mechanistically what is vitalistic and human. The basic thing the

Occidental seems to need is a realization that the Chinese approach, so far from being inferior to his own, is probably on the whole superior to it; that a Chinese is not necessarily untruthful because his way of saying "no" is different from the Occidentals; and that he would himself be a moral gainer if he tried to regulate his intercourse with other people on the principle not of efficiency, but of *zhen* (the Confucian basic virtue which might be rendered "humaneness").

Closely allied to this last point is another. It is that few Catholics, foreign or Chinese, have any clear grasp of the Pagan, or let us rather say pre-Christian, ideology of China. If one wants to teach one must start with the *known*, and then throw a bridge across to the unknown. One should therefore have some knowledge and some understanding of the evolution and present state of Daoism, Confucianism and Buddhism in China. Such an understanding is probably impossible without an effort at sympathetic insight, a putting of ourselves into the place of people who have had to get along without the revelation of divine truth vouchsafed to us. The pure and original Confucianism is a system of ethics, which, with its *implied* natural theology, we can take over as a foundation for the supernatural varieties revealed by Christ. On the other hand one must realize that Daoism and Buddhism are vitiated *a priori* by a false orientation, and are therefore essentially opposed to Confucianism, and still more to Catholicism. But since so much of these religions have passed into the common ideological background of China, it is imperative for us foreigners to have knowledge of them and to be clear in our own mind just how far we can accept their ideas, and where truth demands a rectification. May a layman be permitted to say, how regrettable he finds it that the training of future missionaries hardly ever includes such studies. It seems generally to be left to the missionary to fill these lacunae in his training after his arrival in the mission-field. What can be done, in this respect, for China may be illustrated by the brilliant success achieved in the parallel case of India by the great Jesuit Sanscrit scholar George Dandoy, of Calcutta, and his school, in respect of the Vedanta and other systems of Hindu philosophy. An arid course in "Comparative Religion," with emphasis on the absurdities of heathenism, is of little help. We should do better to approach the pre-Christian mental attitudes of the Chinese with the sobering reflection that "there, but for the grace of God, go I."

But we cannot leave the subject without stressing, on the other hand, that there are forces fighting against us, sinister as they are powerful, which are in opposition to us just because they are opposed to Christianity in itself: forces which no mere tact and sympathy will appease, and against which we shall always have to take an intransigent position if we are to remain true to ourselves and to Our Lord. Of such forces the first to consider is Nationalism. By Nationalism we mean the caricature of patriotism. Patriotism teaches us to love and serve

our country ; nationalism, to exalt it as superior to all other nations. Nationalism gives an *absolute* value to citizenship, which in reality can claim only a relative value : relative, that is, to the claims of God, and of the human person. God being relegated to the background, the tendency in China, as elsewhere, is to make the Nation the ultimate value. In China, therefore, as elsewhere, a Church which claims to be supra-national is a stone of offence. And we must not forget that nationalism is one of those foreign-made articles which reached China less than a century ago, and began to be widely adopted less than half a century ago. This explains the time-lag in the evolution, in China, of this and other foreign-made ideologies. Whilst in the West, for example, the opinion is now widely held that Declarations of Independence should be superseded by Declarations of Interdependence, there is not the slightest sign of such a trend of ideas in China. Here the mental background is still one of opposition to foreign imperialism, and therefore one of ' 100 per cent.' devotion to national sovereignty.

Church schools in China, like all other private schools, are made welcome for the time being for the avowed reason that they save the national exchequer millions of money. The old-fashioned Chinese still regard them with that mixture of benevolence, tolerance and indifference, that characterizes their attitude to religion in general. But the younger generation tends to look askance at them. Education, for these, is essentially a matter for the State, which should provide free education for all, control and centralize it, and in fact monopolize it in the national interest. Our Catholic ideal of freedom of education as part of the freedom of conscience is practically unknown in China ; and, when known, meets with Nationalist opposition. In Nationalist eyes the Catholic Church in China is a definitely foreign institution, under foreign direction, control and management ; financed by foreign subsidies, and propagating foreign doctrines. The need to stress patriotism (our first point) receives therefore a fresh emphasis in the light of this general attitude. Catholics, whole-hearted patriots, ready to shed their blood for the defence of their country though they be, must needs distinguish between patriotism and nationalism, and are bound in the last resort to declare with St. Jeanne of Arc : " Dieu premier servi."

The growth of an indigenous clergy, the establishment of an indigenous hierarchy, the appointment of a Chinese prelate as a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals, are welcome steps, sure to mitigate xenophobe prejudices and nationalist misgivings. More and more, no doubt, foreign ecclesiastics in China will hold the posts of technical advisers, definitely co-operating in the work of making themselves superfluous ; foreign missionaries will increasingly be animated by a similar desire not to perpetuate themselves or look upon their congregations as permanently foreign institutions. We may even hope that the day is not too far distant when Foreign Missionary Societies working in China

will have as their principal aim the production of a body of Chinese missionaries ready not only to be missionaries to their own compatriots, but to carry the faith abroad. Above all one hopes that a formal Concordat may place the Church in China on a safe and satisfactory legal basis, and prevent it being regarded as a pawn of rival foreign powers on the international chess-board. Perhaps, too, the more far-sighted among the ruling classes in China will come to recognize that the stress which Catholic education lays upon character-building can provide China with a type of citizen greatly needed for the health of the Republic ; and that only Catholicism can set up an ideological bulwark against subversive movements whether of the Left or the Right. For all this, the danger of the Nationalist heresy remains, and we should be careful not to compromise with it.

Social studies, in a Catholic sense, are a great missionary need in China. The Church in China has hardly begun to promote those social activities for redressing social injustice, and furnishing social service, which elsewhere have become part of the normal life of the Church. There are no Catholic Trade Unions in China, nor provision for the training of Catholic labour leaders, as in Great Britain. There are as yet no Co-operative Societies, such as have been started with such striking success in Canada and the United States ; nor any body of qualified Social Service workers to labour among the new conditions that are resulting from the industrialization of China. It is probable that not many Chinese Catholics know that the Church has raised her voice on behalf of Social Reform, and has a policy and a plan of her own equally opposed to the capitalism of the Right and the Communist nostrums of the Left. The Church is therefore in danger of being thought to have nothing to say on these burning questions, or even of being thought to endorse big business and high finance in its worst modern forms. As a result, Young China, burning with reforming zeal in face of the conditions of the toiling masses, sees in the Communist Party the only people who can be trusted to do something ; and perhaps in the Catholic Church a mere obstacle to the realization of their hopes for a new and better China.

The charitable work of the Church, in hospitals, creches, and asylums, is dismissed as mere palliative, retarding radical reforms. If the old-fashioned Chinese praise such works from the Buddhist view point of universal benevolence, they do not grasp the true springs of a Charity which loves suffering humanity because it loves Christ's vicarious sufferings. And the new Chinese reformer rejects both concepts. Those who think that they have discovered a new short cut to do away with suffering altogether will always regard the Religion of the Cross as a dangerous illusion. If here our witness must be unflinching and uncompromising, we shall do well not to play into the hands of such opponents by any apparent aloofness from the social questions of the day. Let us make it very clear that we feel strongly in

the matter of Social Justice ; not because we think man can ever eliminate suffering, but because we must fight injustice. Let us proclaim from the housetops that we seek the Kingdom of God and His justice, and that for this reason it is our bounden duty to do what we can to eliminate injustice in the commonweal. It is here that the lack of an élite of Catholic laymen and laywomen shows itself again. A Chinese Catholic Social Guild is a crying need in China to-day.

Then there is the matter of modern agnosticism : another evil gift to China from the West. Modern knowledge of the natural sciences has come to China entirely from the West during the last fifty years, and since fifty years ago agnosticism and materialism were the only basis for a "scientific" attitude, materialism to-day in China is still identified with science, and religion is deemed to be the very antithesis of science. The first steps in any serious study of philosophy would prove to the Chinese how unscientific this crude materialism is. But then the Chinese, like most non-Catholics in the modern world, have been taught to regard philosophy as so much waste of time beside Science. The youth of China, eager set to appropriate the secrets of Western technology, is therefore solidly against religion, and particularly against Catholicism, believing it to be the most obscurantist of all Western forms of religion.

In this situation the Church in China has done what it can. We have, for instance, the finely equipped departments of Physics and of Chemistry at the Catholic University of Peiping (Fu Jen). Such institutions must be multiplied if an impression on public opinion is to be made. We need to produce lay men and women distinguished both as scientists and as Catholics. Their part will then be to influence their fellow-countrymen in a manner which a foreign missionary can hardly equal. A centre rather like the Institutum Divi Thomae at Cincinnati, in America, would be of great value for China. The object there is the training of research workers by famous specialists, who themselves are active Catholics. It would make more impression on Chinese opinion if we could establish research centres in China than we can hope for by sending a few Chinese graduates to such institutions abroad. However, all such suggestions are just part of a layman's plea for a lay-apostolate of men and women operating as professionals in their own professions.

We feel, too, that the time has come for a new type of textbooks in Catholic apologetics, both in English and in Chinese : books and pamphlets written expressly for the *unconverted*. What is more needed than an essay on the falsity of evolutionism, or of the Marxist interpretation of history, is books on genetics and on economic history, teaching the true facts systematically and scientifically, and contrasting such facts with unfounded theories, or showing how they do not conflict with revelation. This seems the more urgent that, even at our

Catholic higher educational institutions, the majority of professors employed are perforce non-Catholics.

It would be a mistake to suppose, from all we have said about the mental attitude of the younger generation in China, that older people, or the Chinese in general, are strongly irreligious; the obstacle is rather that of indifference. The Chinese are, rather vaguely, tolerant of Christianity, supposing that it will in the end adapt itself to become the companion, on equal terms, of Daoism and Buddhism. They are always inclined to be shocked by the claim of uniqueness made by Catholicism. In this, however, the Chinese are themselves not unique. The acceptance of an objective authority, outside of ourselves, claiming the right to regulate our inmost life, irks the natural man everywhere in the world. The natural man will always revolt against the Cross until he learns, by the supernatural light of faith, that the Old Adam's *condemnation* to suffering, as the outcome of sin, can become, for men regenerated in the Second Adam, a *self-consecration* to suffering, for the sake of justice.

H. C. E. ZACHARIAS

SHORT NOTICES

An Anglican book on the Church's mission to teach all nations is **Pagans : Black and White**, by Reginald Smith (Dacre Press. Pp. 96. 4s. od.) Its author, a member of the Anglican Community of the Resurrection, writes as a Missionary with practical experience of work among the natives of Southern Rhodesia, and illustrates the problems Missionaries have to face by examples taken from his work in that country. Many Catholics will be irritated by an Anglican's use of such expressions as "We Catholics," and by assertions such as that "the Church" is miserably divided. But they should not let these put them off, for the author has many good things to say, notably on the importance of prayer as well as alms, on medical missionaries, on education and the colour bar. The chapter entitled "No Salvation outside the Church" tackles a subject which is usually embarrassing for an Anglican, and we are not surprised to find that the bulk of it really deals with something else.

Blessed Alix Le Clere, in Picture and Verse for children, by Leslie Westgate and published by Douglas Organ, Strand, W.C.2, at 1s. is just the kind of saint's life children will easily understand and re-read, or wish to have re-told to them. The verse is pleasant and natural and the pictures are full of life and incident. We are readily convinced by the concluding couplet :—

O little ones ! I tell you true
God make Alix for love of you.

THROUGH FRANCE TO-DAY

IT has been a real happiness, after the tragedy of the war, to revisit, with my wife, a number of places in France, known to me, most of them, from my boyhood. Perhaps I may be able, and may be allowed, to share that experience with some of my friends across the Channel, lovers of France and followers of her ancient Faith.

Linselles, a village close to Lille, some three miles from the Belgian border, is my birth-place. I had not revisited it since 1920. There I spent my boyhood in a farm of about 120 acres. The farm-house appeared then to be very large, especially the thatched barn with its roof of huge oak beams. The barn has been replaced by a modern shed, with iron pillars and girders, which looks quite small. How many things have disappeared ! the oven where the faggots blazed so cheerfully and spread, all over the house, the smell of baking bread ; the leafy and musical poplars surrounding the meadow, the willow-trees reflected in the pond. The country is still wealthy ; but it has lost many of its trees and much of its poetry. It is provided with a network of electric power lines. The White Dove Inn still remains, with its green wooden trough where the baker's horse munched his oats. And after all, the up-to-date electric lamps are much more comfortable than the old evil-smelling oil lamps that hung from the ceiling.

In my boyhood Linselles numbered 4,000 inhabitants and three factories : one wool-combing and dyeing mill and two cotton-weaving mills. Thank God, the wool factory has ceased to exist ; it was a scandal of capitalism, with girls of fifteen in blue overalls, working in damp overheated rooms at 70 degrees centigrade, washing and twisting heavy rolls of wool-thread in buckets of almost boiling water, earning low salaries and going into consumption. The village *curé* of those days, Abbé Leraux, a small, dark-haired and dark-eyed man, burning with the zeal of God, used to stigmatise, every Sunday at the High Mass, this dishonest way of making money. The present-day factories are more hygienic ; each has a *maternité*, a *poupouniére*, and a *garderie d'enfants*, kept by Sisters of Charity. Each *maison ouvrière* has two rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor, two rooms on the first floor, and an attic, and is provided with a washing-shed and a kitchen-garden. The population is now above 5,000. Linselles is one of the most Catholic villages in France. Since 1920 it has produced 36 priests and missionaries and more than 60 nuns. Of its 5,000 inhabitants 4,600 are *catholiques pratiquants* ; the 400 black sheep (they are called *parpailots*) are mostly immigrants coming from Belgium, Luxemburg or Poland, and are susceptible to Communist propaganda.

In northern France a *parpaillot* is a man who does not attend the Sunday Mass ; in southern France the word means a protestant, a *huguenot*.

There are four schools at Linselles, two official, with 100 pupils each, two free Catholic schools with 400 pupils each. The boys' Catholic school is kept by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, the girls' school by the Sisters of Wiederbroun. There is a secondary boarding academy, between Linselles and the next village, kept by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, numbering 300 pupils.

The two German occupations (1914-1918, 1940-1944) have left bad memories. Some twenty civilians were arrested and shot. Nobody has been able to find out for what reason the Germans, before leaving in 1918, blew up the church and the market-square. Both have been rebuilt and look better than previously. In the village cemetery there are about 100 graves of British soldiers, some with names, some bearing the inscription : unknown English soldier. The number of French soldiers from Linselles killed in the two World Wars is somewhat above 300 for 1914-1918, above 100 for 1940-1944.

Our next visit was to Bourges. We had never seen the cathedral of Bourges. It ranks, with Chartres, Paris, Rheims, Troyes, Auxerre, etc., among the finest cathedrals in France. It has five naves and no transept ; it is dedicated to St. Stephen. The most beautiful thing in it is the portal of the central nave, with a statue of Christ and sculptures representing the resurrection of the dead, the last judgement and the coronation of Christ ; then the stained windows of the apsis, blue, red, green, yellow, blazing as gloriously as those of Chartres, and belonging, like those of Chartres, to the 13th century. The subjects treated come from the Bible or from the Golden Legend. There is the story of Lazarus and Dives ; of Lazarus, Martha and Mary Magdalen ; of St. John the Baptist, of St. Stephen, of St. Nicholas, of Joseph and his brothers, of the Prodigal Son. The most difficult window to understand is the one inspired by St. John's Apocalypse, where Christ is holding a sword between his teeth. It is a pity the cathedral of Bourges is not so well known as the cathedral of Chartres. The people of Bourges, the *Berrichous*, do not know how to advertise their town, which has whole streets of old palaces, old hotels, old houses dating from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Moreover the *Berrichous* speak delightful French, very pure in vocabulary and pronunciation. It was at Bourges that Jacques Coeur was born, the wealthiest man of mediaeval Europe. The son of a small shop-keeper, he came to own 200 ships, 200 warehouses in France, 300 warehouses in the East. He was appointed chancellor of the exchequer by King Charles VII, then disgraced, then rehabilitated, but died soon after his rehabilitation. Villon often refers to Jacques Cœur, seeing in him the pattern of unstable earthly wealth and happiness.

We were glad to find ourselves at Paray-le-Monial in this year which brings the tercentenary of the birth of St. Margaret Mary

Alacoque to whom was revealed, in its most recent form, the devotion to the Sacred Heart. St. Margaret Mary was a humble and obedient nun, but it happens that she played an immense part in the story of the Catholic Church, and that she is one of the most delicate French prose writers of the 17th century. It was perhaps more than a coincidence that devotion to the Sacred Heart began to spread just at the same time as *Jansenism* which was, at the bottom, a new form of Calvinism and akin, like Calvinism, to the rationalistic deism of the 18th century. St. Margaret Mary, the daughter of a notary, was born in a little village near Paray-le-Monial and spent most of her life in the Visitation convent there.

Paray-le-Monial is a small town of about 10,000 people, founded in the 8th century by the Benedictines : hence its name. It lies in a region of hills, meadows and cattle farms, and is divided into two parts by a river and a canal. On one side you have the station and the railway, and various factories : the *cité ouvrière* ; on the other side you have the religious town, with a *basilique* and some ten convents : Visitation, Carmel, Dominican Sisters, Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Cenacle, Poor Clares, Jesuits, Brothers of the Sacred Heart, etc.

The best known and most ancient convent is the Visitation ; the most picturesque, standing like a walled and buttressed citadel at the top of the town, is the Carmel. The convent with the finest liturgical ceremonies is that of the Dominican Sisters. The convent of the Poor Clares savours of the humility and poverty of St. Francis ; there are some 40 Poor Clares at Paray, serving and cooking for the children of the poorest families, mostly Italian emigrants. During the German occupation the Poor Clares used to walk about from farm to farm, pushing little handcarts, begging firewood, potatoes, vegetables, eggs and bacon for the refugees. Everybody at Paray, even the communist mayor, speaks with tenderness of the Poor Clares. I was told that their Mother Superior came from a wealthy family and had to persist for five years before her father allowed her to enter the convent. "*Pensez donc,*" a street-gossip said to us, "*elle avait tout pour elle, santé, beauté, fortune ; elle aurait pu faire un beau mariage, et elle a tout laissé là pour le bon Dieu. Quand même !*"

During the two days we spent at Paray the heat was overwhelming. We saw a pilgrimage and a procession of some 20,000 people. We were present at the High Mass sung in a meadow by Mgr. Felin, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, an impassioned orator ; and the vespers, sung by Mgr. Lebrun, the Bishop of Autun, one of the youngest bishops of France. The Romanesque Basilica of Paray, 11th century, is renowned for its transept, as long as the whole church itself ; for its two severe steeples of grey-yellow stone, without any ornament ; and for its graceful *absidioles* covered with big red tiles. Above the choir there has been discovered a fresco representing a sitting Christ

of Byzantine form who holds on His knees the globe of the universe. Other frescoes are being uncovered on the vaults of the nave.

We shall long remember our vision of Orange at eight o'clock one morning : a splendour of singing breeze and transparent light. We are now in Provence, where the sky is most often a pure blue above the small houses of old narrow streets, or, as here, above the Roman Theatre with its huge wall, 103 yards in length and 105 feet high ; or above the dusty white roads edged with plane-trees and cypresses. Here we seem to inhale God's purest air : yet in the old streets there are slums which are nests of consumption.

We are staying in an old 17th century house, an ancient convent with large stone staircases, rather chilly no doubt in winter, but a well of freshness in this hot summer. This house has a tragical history. With five neighbouring houses it was used as a prison in 1793. The delegate of the Convention at Orange, a friend of Robespierre named Meignet, an unfrocked Capuchin married to a laicised nun, created fierce hatred against the Catholic Church. He was one of those who voted the death of Louis XVI. At Orange he arrested and guillotined 332 monks, priests, nuns and pious persons, most of whom were canonised as martyrs by Pope Leo XIII. Under Napoleon and Louis XVIII Meignet became the very conservative and religious mayor of Ambert, in Auvergne. His wife was dead ; he had returned to the piety of his youth, and each evening would recite the rosary with his two daughters and his housemaid. He died devoutly in 1825. His daughters gave their fortune to the Church and entered the convent.

Orange had 80,000 inhabitants when Julius Caesar conquered Gaul ; it was the great market between the Cévennes and Marseilles. During the Middle Ages it was the capital of an independent principality with a Parliament, a bishop, a university. Its prosperity began to decline with the arrival of the Pope in Avignon, and died out with the civil wars between Catholics and Huguenots. The princes of Orange turned to Protestantism and gave a royal family to Holland, and King William III to England. The principality of Orange was united to France by Louis XIV. To-day Orange numbers about 20,000 inhabitants ; it is the centre of a wealthy country of vineyards, market gardens, and olive plantations. This year's dry and hot summer, which has half ruined the hay and wheat harvest of northern and central France, has given a wonderful vintage to Orange, and its neighbourhood. So, if we are short of bread, milk and meat in 1948, we shall at least have some good wine to sell to the countries of high exchange.

Orange is renowned for its alert, upstanding men and its fine girls with long spindle-shaped legs. The race is a mixture of Greek, Roman, Celtic, and even Germanic blood brought by the garrisons of the princes of Orange ; but the Greek and Roman types predominate. It is commonly said in France that the prettiest girls of the country are to be found in the triangle Orange-Avignon-Arles ; I daresay the state-

ment is not far from the truth. The Orange girls are lively, witty, smiling, but very reserved. The best instance I can give of this is that when between 1930 and 1940 a regiment of Moroccan *Spahis*, very fine men and very fine riders, was garrisoned at Orange, I never saw a girl "promenading" with a Moroccan soldier.

Most of the population of Orange are Catholics. There are a few Protestants, very wealthy, employers, tradesmen, big shopkeepers: very influential on account of their wealth, and politically allied, in spite of their wealth, with the extreme left parties, socialists and communists, against the Catholic Church. Orange belongs to the diocese of Avignon. The present Archbishop of Avignon, Mgr. de Llobet, strongly favours the liturgical renaissance, the Sunday sung High Mass and the week-day dialogue Mass; his principle is: "*Les fidèles ne doivent pas assister, mais participer à la messe.*"

The great political man of Orange is M. Daladier, minister of war between 1936 and 1940, prime minister in 1938-1940. He belongs to the dying radical party; he was imprisoned by the Germans during the occupation and re-elected in 1945 in spite of a fierce communist campaign against "the traitor of Munich." He is a silent, authoritative man, backed up by the Protestant capitalists. The municipal council is made up of radicals, M. Daladier's followers, socialists and communists. The great municipal problem for the time being is the town hospital, where there is a deficit of above 100,000 francs. The manager of the hospital, a communist, is replacing its immemorial nurses, the Sisters of Charity (whose salary was clothes, food and 1,750 francs a year) by lay nurses (*infirmières laïques*) whose salary is clothes, food and 12,000 francs a month. The result will be higher municipal taxes for every citizen, and, no doubt, a gain for what the communists call democracy.

We reached Nyons in a big thunderstorm, with dark clouds, flashes of lightning and a pelting rain. But the three days we spent there were days of dazzling light and of singing cicalas. We were staying with cousins who own a large farm of vines, olive-trees and fruit-trees. Nyons is a small old town of 4,000 people, 3,000 Catholic and 1,000 Protestant. There is a big Catholic church dedicated to Our Lady, and two little Protestant temples, Lutheran and Calvinist. Most of the streets, staircase-streets provided with arcades, lead to the old citadel surmounted by a convent of Our Lady of Good Help and a chapel.

A wide river with a bed of pebbles and a few threads of water runs round the town; there is a hog-backed stone bridge dating from King Francis I, the contemporary of Henry VIII of England. One could imagine one was in Italy or in Spain; everybody lives in the open. I remember a delightful little square where a woman was peeling potatoes, another woman was combing a mattress, while two men were sawing and chopping wood. At every window the

newly washed family linen was drying on poles. The neighbouring country is a circus of hills all covered, up to their mid-height, with vines, olive-trees, plantations of lavender; then, higher up, with pine-trees and wild oaks. Nyons is renowned for its olives, big fat black olives supposed to be the best in Provence, and for its olive oil, a thick, green-yellow oil. There are many torrents rushing down from the mountains through fantastic rocks and chasms. During the German occupation Nyons was a centre of *maquisards* who hid in the mountains and killed a considerable number of German soldiers. The Germans exercised terrible reprisals on the population. Many civilians were taken as hostages and shot.

We made next a pilgrimage to St. Gens, a place where lived, in the 12th century, a holy hermit who is supposed to have discovered two springs, tamed wolves, and planted olive-trees among a circus of rocks called the Wilderness (*le désert*). This is a cirque of rocks and stones where grow clumps of wild oaks and pine-trees, bushes of box, lavender, rosemary, thyme and other pungent mountain herbs. The pilgrimage is a popular event; the people arrive in motor-buses, hear the dialogue Mass, sing canticles, carry the statue of the Saint up to the old walls and then have their breakfast among the rocks. It was 9 a.m. and our return bus was not due till 6 p.m. So we decided to walk up to the abbey of Notre-Dame de Senanques, a Cistercian abbey on the other side of the mountain, some six miles away. The sky was indescribably blue, but it was a trying excursion, a three-hours' steady walk by stony goat-paths, with just one ten minutes' stop to gobble a little bread, meat and cheese and to sip a few drops of wine from a soldier's water-bottle. There is no water in that desert. We passed one farm and met two shepherds with some fifty sheep and goats.

At last we reached the abbey, a marvel of Romanesque architecture of the 12th century: it was built between 1100 and 1150. There are two large chapels; a large chapter-room resting on huge stone pillars; a wonderful cloister, with carved columns and a statue of the Virgin on a Renaissance pedestal. The abbey numbered 50 monks in the 15th century, more than 60 monks in 1870. The monks were dispersed in 1883 and found a shelter in the abbey of the isle of Lérins, just opposite Cannes, on the Mediterranean coast. The abbot and some 20 monks are still at Lérins; Senanques is now a branch house of Lérins, with a friar, four monks, three lay brothers and a few pious lay people living as oblates. We have a talk with the Father Prior: "We came back here," he says, "in 1920. The first trouble was to provide our living. We grow barley and plant fruit trees. We have about 100 bee-hives and sell the honey. Our flock of sheep and goats was decimated by disease and we had to give it up. I should like to establish a novitiate, and a holiday centre for intellectuals and students. We have here more than thirty empty cells. Let us hope in God and in our work."

We now took the train for Vaison-la-Romaine, some fifteen miles north of Orange, an old, slow, jolting train with wooden benches, rolling and creaking on a narrow-gauge line. At first we crossed a plain of wealthy villages, called God's Plain (*le plan de Dieu*), an ancient moor, cleared by the monks in the 7th century, where now grow vines, clover, fruit-trees and sort of corn, called broom-corn (*millet à balais*) and already referred to, they say, in Homer's Iliad; this grain makes excellent food for chickens, and the stalks are used for making brooms. In the distance are blue hills ever topped by sharp-jagged grey rocks, usually named *dentelles* or *rateaux*. The villages on the hill-sides are surrounded by walls and look like citadels; once they were citadels, often raided in the Middle Ages by the Moors or Saracens, in the 16th century by the Huguenots. On the top of each rock there is the ruin of a feudal castle and usually a chapel dedicated to Our Lady. Protestants are not numerous on the left bank of the Rhone, much less numerous than on the right, the Cévennes bank.

Vaison stands at the foot of a hill and is bisected by a river, l'Ouveze (Latin *Aquosa*). To-day it numbers 6,000 inhabitants; the population was 20,000 at the time of Julius Caesar. There are three towns: the Roman town on the banks of the river, then the modern town, and lastly the medieval town on the side of the hill. The Roman town has been excavated under the care of the Abbé Sautel, professor of archaeology at the Catholic university of Lyons. He has uncovered two large houses, one belonging to the Messius family, another called the *house of the silver bust*; a whole street of shops with arcades; a municipal bath-establishment; and a municipal establishment of stone latrines, with underground drainage to the river. Close to the Roman town stands the cathedral, one part of which, the apsis, the choir, the main altar and the bishop's stone seat, date from the 5th century; the remainder of the church and the cloister, marvels of Romanesque architecture, date from the 12th century. The statues of Christ and of the Virgin in the cloister are as realistic as any work by Rodin or Bourdelle. The Blessed Virgin is dressed like a country girl of the 12th century, and has the face and smile of a sixteen-year-old maiden. Vaison had a bishop until the Huguenot devastation.

It was market day in the modern town and you saw lorries full of grapes, peaches and pears in crates. We climbed, through the staircase streets, up to the medieval town with its walls one yard thick, magnificent gates and doors in carved oak, fine stone staircases, splendid windows in carved stone, and in niches statues of the Virgin, of St. John the Baptist, of St. Peter, etc. Most of the houses are uninhabited, others are inhabited by poor people; some have been repaired and are used as summer residences by wealthy *bourgeois* of Lyons or Marseilles. The medieval church, another marvel of Romanesque architecture, has been disused since 1920; it is a pity; for everything is beautiful, if ramshackle, in that church. The lovely carved pulpit of 15th century

work has had to be propped by a board. There is a guide to the medieval town; a grey-haired, enthusiastic poet whom his neighbours call, in provençal, *lou fada* (the fairy-stricken man, the changeling). We have our dinner in the open, close to the feudal castle, at the side of a Roman fountain with four spouts of fresh water. All the brats, cats and dogs of the upper town are staring at us. Then we take a nap on the castle terrace where the air is warm, with a light north wind, and smells of rosemary and lavender.

We were back in Orange, as we had intended, in time for the reception of novices in the Convent of the Nativity. The order of the Nativity (Congregation de la Nativité) is both a contemplative and teaching order of women founded at Orange by a widow in the time of Louis XVIII, and still has its mother-house and principal novitiate there. It was very prosperous until the anticlerical laws of 1903, and had many boarding academies in various places. Dispersed in 1903, it has been revived and to-day numbers some 300 sisters, six boarding academies in France, two in England, two in Italy. Every year, on September 8th, there is a great ceremony: novices taking the veil, sisters taking their provisional or their perpetual vows. This year's ceremony was presided over by a mitred Cistercian abbot. Five novices were taking the veil, eight sisters their perpetual vows, two sisters celebrating their "golden nuptials," 50 years of religious life.

The novices enter the chapel in wedding dresses, a long white dress, a white veil, in their hair a crown of orange flowers. After the High Mass and the general communion the abbot clips off a lock of their hair and asks them if they agree to enter the order and to observe its rules. Then he puts on their heads the black veil of the novices, and tells them that henceforward they are not Mademoiselle So-and-so, but Sister So-and-so. I notice that three at least of these novices are extremely pretty girls. The eight sisters taking their perpetual vows carry lighted candles and crowns of white roses. Each of them reads their vow of obedience, poverty and chastity. As a sign that they are the spouses of Christ the abbot gives each of them a wedding-ring. Then a majestic and terrible rite takes place: the eight sisters lie prostrate with their faces to the ground and the funeral pall of the virgins, a white pall with a black cross, is extended over them while the clergy, the sisters and the congregation are singing the psalm: *Miserere mei, Deus*.

Many in the church are crying and I feel my eyes big with tears. Then the sisters rise, smiling, and the abbot and all the crowd sing the *Te Deum laudamus*. Then there is another rite, very graceful indeed: the new novices and the new sisters curtsy, in the most aristocratic fashion, to the Mother Superior and kiss her, then they curtsy to the other sisters and kiss them. The Mother Superior (*une femme de tête*, says everybody) is very young, certainly not above forty.

St. Michel de Frigolet is an abbey of *Prémontrés* standing in a rocky

moor, full of pines and thyme, some 20 miles south of Orange. *Frigolet* comes from provençal *farigauletto*, thyme. It is a mixture of Romanesque buildings of the 12th century—notably the cloister, the chapel dedicated to St. Michael, the chapel of Our Lady of Healing—and of modern buildings suitably harmonized with the ancient work. The abbey is renowned for its liturgical services, its processions and its pilgrimages. It was founded by the Benedictines, who drained and cleared the swampish valley of the Rhone in the neighbourhood; later it was entrusted to the Premonstratensians.

In the 16th century, as attested by an inscription on a pillar of the cloister, the inhabitants of Tarascon, decimated by the plague, found a shelter at St. Michel de Frigolet. In the 17th century Queen Anne d'Autriche, being childless, came there on pilgrimage and, one year after, gave birth to Louis XIV. As a token of gratitude she sent to the abbey twelve pictures by Mignard. At the time of the French Revolution the monks were dispersed and the abbey was sold. In 1835 a certain M. Donat established there a grammar school where Mistral, the provençal poet, studied, and another provençal writer, Father Xavier de Fourvières, who translated into Provençal the New Testament and the Imitation of Christ.

In 1856 Father Boulbon reorganized the abbey, built the large modern *basilique*, and annexed to the abbey a large farm, with vineyards and olive-plantations. The monks were dispersed again in 1883 and founded in Belgium the abbey of Dinand, and in England the priory of Storrington (Kent) where they sheltered the poet Francis Thompson. The *Prémontrés* settled again at St. Michel in 1920 and founded an apostolic school, dispersed by the Germans in 1942. The abbot of St. Michel is a mitred abbot. We visited the abbey under the guidance of the Reverend Father Prior who told us: "We can live on the product of our vineyards and olive-plantations. We are now 32 fathers and 5 lay-brothers. Ten of our fathers are helping the bishop of Marseilles by taking parochial duty. Our immediate aim is to re-establish our apostolic school, also our novitiate and scholasticate." He then told us that the *Prémontrés* are about 2,000 in number. The largest abbeys are in Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. There is a large abbey in Wisconsin, U.S.A. In France there are two abbeys, one in Provence, one in Normandy; and five priories; besides one abbey and several priories of Norbertine sisters.

The Château de Mornas is a medieval fortress standing on a sharp rock, six miles north of Orange, just above the Paris-Marseilles railway line. In the 16th century Mornas was a Huguenot stronghold from which the fierce baron, des Adrets, plundered and terrorised the Catholic peasants of the valley. He used to kill his prisoners by making them jump from the castle terrace down a 600 foot precipice, a cruelty imitated by Hitler at Mulhausen for the Jews. Everybody in France knows the anecdote of the prisoner who ran three times to the brink,

and three times stopped before jumping, unable to make up his mind to such a death. The baron called him a coward, but the prisoner, kneeling, said : " My lord, I am paying it you four-fold " (*" Monseigneur, je vous le donne en quatre "*). The baron smiled and granted him his life. To-day the Chateau de Mornas is the resort of thousands of rooks which plunder the cornfields and vineyards of the neighbourhood ; they first arrived from the north in the very cold winter of 1917, and finding what they wanted, they have stayed.

Beside the path which climbs the rock of Mornas, close to the Paris-Marseilles main road, you find a chapel to " Our Lady Well-met ", *Notre-Dame de bon rencontre* (Yes, bon rencontre, because in old French *rencontre* was masculine as well as feminine). It was raised in the 18th century to protect travellers from a gang of highway robbers who had settled in the caves of the hill. The chapel is covered with marble ex-votos and pencilled inscriptions. The most curious ex-voto comes from a soldier of Napoleon who had returned safe and sound from the Russian campaign of 1812. This other inscription, probably made by a bride on her honeymoon trip, I especially noticed : "*Sainte Vierge, donnez-moi un bel enfant et faites que mon mari m'aime toujours, Jeanne B., 1920.*" Mornas is one of the most provençal corners of Provence. Stones and stones everywhere, bristling with wild oaks and thyme, shimmering with blue and red grasshoppers or green and black dragonflies. The old mountain village has been abandoned for a modern village in the valley.

Notre-Dame-d'Aiguebelle (Aqua bella), twenty miles north-east of Orange, is a very important Cistercian abbey. It has 80 monks clad in white and 20 lay brothers clad in brown. It was founded in 1135, visited by St. Bernard and numbered in the Middle Ages more than 200 monks. It declined in the 16th century under the régime of *abbés commendataires*, viz. nominal abbots appointed by the king and drawing from the abbey its tithes and revenues. Dispersed under the French Revolution, it was restored in 1813, and has remained numerous and prosperous ; it has given birth to several other abbeys, notably *Our Lady of the Snows*, in the Cévennes, described by R. S. Stevenson in his " Travels with a Donkey " ; *Notre-Dame-de-Staouéli* in Algeria, *Notre-Dame-du-Calvaire* in Canada. Four farms, forests of pines and beeches, big stables full of horses, oxen, cows and sheep, are the property of the abbey. Everything here is on a large scale, the basilique, the cloister, the refectory, the chapter-room, the *scriptorium* or study-room, the library, even the cemetery. The ceremonies in the church are majestic : the Sunday High Mass, and the evening *Salve Regina*, sung in the purest Gregorian by all the monks and brothers. The country round Aiguebelle is not so provençal as the country round Frigolet. There are no more olive-trees, but meadows with poplars and cows.

And now to Avignon, a town that will always be dear to my heart.

There I spent my first year of married life and there my eldest son was born ; there too I served my time in the army, without counting the four years of the first world war. I served in a glorious regiment, the 58th infantry ; it was annihilated in the Lorraine battles (September, 1914), re-formed and annihilated again at Verdun (March, 1917), re-formed a third time and annihilated a third time in the battle for the liberation of Serbia (15 September, 1918), where my younger brother was killed. I remember vividly the days of my training, the manœuvres in the Alps. I was private No. 11,072 and 20 years old. I carried on my back my rifle, my rucksack, a pick-axe, a spade, the cooking-pot of the platoon. One day, between 2 a.m. and 6 p.m., we covered 63 kilometres on mountain goat-paths and our feet were not blistered. When we felt tired we cheered ourselves by singing :

*Le régiment que j'aime,
C'est le cinquante-huitième . . .*

The captain of our company was a small, dry, dark-haired and dark-eyed mountaineer from the Cévennes, very severe when inspecting our kits every morning. We loved him all the same, because he was as strict for himself as for his men.

Let us return to Avignon. It is a wonderful town, wonderfully situated. It is built on a rock with an immense view, all around it, of white rocks, blue mountains, rivers, vineyards, old fortresses and monasteries. The most sublime aspect in Europe, said Bismarck, who visited Avignon in 1868. It is a town full of churches, steeples, belfries, convents, seminaries, schools and palaces built by cardinals and Jewish financiers. It has still a papal, and a slightly Jewish, atmosphere, and is dominated by the Palais des Papes, a huge white citadel of towers and battlements. There were nine Popes of Avignon (1309-1376), whose tombs you can still admire in the various churches of Avignon and of the neighbouring town of Villeneuve-des-Avignon. They must have been poets, those popes of Avignon, to have planned that citadel on the top of that rock in front of that immense horizon. And they must also have been good business men, for they brought with them into Provence many wealthy Jews who ran the finances of the Holy See. These Jewish families stuck to their Judaism but adopted a French way of life ; when the States of the Pope, in 1791, were united to France, these Jews dropped their Hebrew or Italian names and adopted names taken from French towns : Lyon, Carcassone, Perpignan, Crémieux, etc. They have played, and are still playing, a great part in the story of French finance and French politics ; many of them are bankers, lawyers, doctors, university professors. During the German occupation, some of them were deported and perished in concentration camps.

A third thing one might say about the Popes of Avignon is that they must have been connoisseurs of good wine, for they planted the vines

of Chateauneuf-des-Papes, which give the best wine produced in Provence.

The Pope's palace was used as a barracks in the first part of the 19th century ; now it has been turned into a museum. The finest and largest rooms are the chapter-room, the chapel, the portrait gallery, the dining-room, the kitchen with its huge stone fire-place. The present Archbishop of Avignon hopes that the Romanesque chapter-room, and the chapel, with its frescoes representing the prophets and the apostles, will soon be returned to Catholic uses.

Avignon will always remain a town of blue sky, white palaces, history and poetry.

PIERRE MESSIAEN

SHORT NOTICES

In the introductory note to C. J. Woollen's children's book, **About Jesus**, published by Sands & Co. at 6s., it is said that "this is a Life of Our Lord with a difference". The difference is apparent from the opening words of the first chapter, for the writer does not merely supply incidents, but the very words in which a teacher or parent may best express them to a child or to a class of children. To do this through two hundred and twenty pages is no mean achievement, but the author succeeds without wearying by repetition or mere phrase making. There is another refreshing difference also in the way the subject is treated : for the author, gradually and attractively, builds up the Person of Jesus into a very real and living Figure. There is nothing abrupt, and there are none of those gaps in the history so puzzling to a child's mind. A right proportion is given to each scene, the right thoughts expressed, and the appropriate lesson is provided, often in the briefest phrase. We congratulate the writer on what seems to us one of the most successful religious books for children. The few illustrations are instructive, and the price is most reasonable.

A Life of Blessed Marie-Thérèse de Soubiran, the recently beatified Foundress of the Society of Marie Auxiliatrice is compiled from the private notes of this truly humble and heroic soul under the title **A Study in Failure**. We can very sincerely repeat what Fr. Martindale says in his short preface : "You have here not merely what other people can say about her, but what she herself wrote : and though most of it was intended to remain between herself and God, it is to His honour that it should now be known, as I trust this book will make it to be, to very many". This life is deeply self-revealing. It is the revelation of a great and noble soul who endured "a form of martyrdom barely paralleled . . . in the annals of the Church". At the same time it is not a book to be taken up casually. It seems to require a time of retreat, or recollection of spirit, for its reading with full profit. Indeed the Notes on Mother de Soubiran's private retreats, and the short extracts from her personal letters, form a definite and helpful method of spiritual direction. The translation from the French is well done by Dom Theodore Baily of Prinknash Abbey. Messrs. G. Coldwell, Ltd., Red Lion Square, W.C.1, are the agents. The price is 15s.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE DRAGON-KILLER

IN A.D. 250 I was visiting the town Diospolis in Palestine and, according to my custom, went for a walk by myself. From time to time, I like collecting my own impressions without being told what to look at and what to think.

I found myself in an enchanting valley when I heard a curious noise. It is true that no one hears himself snoring ; but I thought that if I snored it might be rather like that, though, I hoped, not quite so loud. And in fact, on turning a corner, I perceived a very handsome Dragon, curled up and peacefully asleep, and undoubtedly snoring. Now as a rule I am not too fond of meeting Dragons : they are irritable creatures and tricky, at that. Still, this one was asleep, and I advanced cautiously to examine him. He was not, at the moment, breathing fire through his nostrils ; his wings were wrapped round his neck like a muffler though it was far from chilly, and his tail was tied into so many knots that it would take him a long time before he could attack me with it. However, he opened one eye and looked glassily at me. I paused.

"Excuse me," he said. "I always sleep rather heavily after my dinner. My digestion is deplorable . . . and of course at my age . . ."

"Don't mention it," said I. "I am a stranger here. I haven't had time to make acquaintance with any of the local Dragons."

"There aren't any," he said, "except me."

"I'm all the more honoured to meet you," I replied, still rather nervous. "I'm sorry that your—er—diet doesn't agree with you."

"Few indeed," he sighed, "can get what they need in these days of substitutes and remainders. My normal ration is one maiden per month, and the town always took it for granted that they should be of tender years. But to-day, my dear sir? Tough? tough! You would say they were all over 40. Hence my dyspepsia."

Just then I heard the sound of clattering hoofs and a great white horse galloped round the corner, ridden by a fine young man in shining armour. When he saw me talking to the Dragon he drew up and looked surprised.

"Hullo, hullo!" said he. "My name is George."

"How do you do?" said I, and told him mine and that I was a stranger.

He bowed, but said that a 'situation had arisen.' Since I looked startled, he added: "You appear, sir, to be on good terms with this Dragon. But I have come to kill him. That is what I *do*. But I have no mandate, so far as I can see, to liquidate yourself. Unless of course . . ."

"Politics here too?" I thought to myself, and decided rapidly on tact.

"But—er—Count . . . Captain . . . forgive me. But you are evidently a sportsman. Would it be so very sporting to attack this Dragon just *now*? He is very sleepy and is suffering from appalling indigestion due to eating an elderly young lady, and (I glanced apologetically at the Dragon) he is . . . not quite as young as he was."

The Dragon opened both eyes and tried to puff flame through his nose, but honestly, it was no worse than the smoke which, they say, barbarians exhale on the far side of the Ocean. George looked uncomfortable.

"I shall have to do it some day," he said. "You will agree, sir, that one can't have Dragons all over the place eating maidens, however mature." And quite by chance I did indeed see the final battle. It was superb. The Dragon was in great form. His scales shone scarlet; his wings whirled as though they would claw down the stars; his tail described the most lovely spirals, and he snorted a splendid fire. But George, with his tremendous sword in his hand, his silver shield with a great red cross on it upon his left arm, soon despatched the poor Dragon.

"Now, George," said I (for by now I had got to know him rather well), "you really must settle down, you know. Doubtless I sympathise with lots of people I oughtn't to, even some Dragons—and you must confess this one was very decorative . . ."

"Everyone said he was extremely reactionary," interrupted he.

"Possibly," I went on: "but I shouldn't be surprised if people began to say that you are yourself; and anyhow, there are no more Dragons of this sort left. Use your imagination!"

And indeed I turned out to be right. The citizens of Diospolis felt annoyed that now there was no more a way of getting rid of elderly young women, of whom they had too many, and they also had a taste for blood. So they found no more use for George, and, being a Christian, they killed him with such tortures as made him famous throughout the East, and then, such is the perversity of the human mind, decided they would win great glory if he became their Martyr and in fact irritated me so much that I went to sleep for several centuries and I was, indeed, sleeping peacefully when someone kicked me in the ribs. I woke up, very angry; but lo, it was George.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" I growled, and then observed that he was wearing a halo. "Aha! I suppose I must take you seriously and call you St. George?"

"Say what you like," he replied with a grin. "But I want your advice—perhaps even your help. I can't do much more in my East. The place is full of Mohammedans. My churches are being pulled down and I want to feel at home somewhere. I've got," he said quite cooly, "a lot of publicity even in your North; but I'd like to *see* the places. Couldn't you—er—chaperone me?"

I hesitated. "Well," I said, "provided you showed me something much better later on. We're just going to have a thing we call a Crusade. You want to see our country—our Crusaders are burning to see yours. Between you, you *might* make a bridge. . . . But don't break any down!"

The Crusades occurred and the English returned enchanted with St. George. They loved his broad shoulders; his refusal (about which I told them) to fight the Dragon when he was half asleep and really didn't need much more than a change of diet. These Englishmen mightily enjoyed George's big baritone when he sang, over a mug of ale, songs that just suited them. But they also acknowledged that next day they took a long time to wake up. Anyhow, by the later Middle Ages the whole land had definitely adopted him as its patron.

George himself was rather rueful about this. "I am grateful to them," he said; "but I don't see that I have built much of a bridge!" I said that one always had to begin to build a bridge from both *ends*, and that possibly something solid *might* have been constructed at the western and eastern ends which he might help to join later on. He looked extremely doubtful.

Anyhow, time went by ; he came back, on and off, to England, and one day I took him to a little town I liked on a river called Avon. Outside the chief tavern we met an old friend of mine, strutting along in his ruff and doublet and hose and the afternoon sunlight shining on his great bald forehead.

"Hullo, Bill," said I : "How nice to see you ! By the way—it's your birthday, isn't it ? April 23 ?"

"So they say," he replied.

"Well," said I. "You were there ! You ought to know, if anybody !"

"I was," he said ; "but not my memory."

"Never mind. No need to wish *you* many happy returns ! Our memory fades not neither fails."

Behind me, St. George coughed discreetly. "But where," I cried, "are my manners ? George, may I present you to . . ." then I got rather mixed as to due etiquette. Who should come first, the poet, or the Saint ? I mumbled William's name, as one always does in introductions. But poets, of course, have intuitions. Even as George bowed, my William shouted : "God for Harry, England, and St. George !"

"Quite so," said I. "A very good line. But why, just now, 'Harry' ?"

"Forgive me," he said. "I could not help connecting Henry with St. George. But, as you remind me, I am now on quite a different subject. In Denmark, where we now are . . ."

"Are we ?" said I, being always a little vague as to where one is, let alone when.

"Obviously ! I am occupied with writing my comedy 'The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' so I have come with my troupe to Elsinore to study the situation. I proposed to call it 'craggy,' but I find it is as flat as a pancake."

"Never mind ! Make it craggy if you like ! Make it rise from its red ramparts into rosy towers flowering into copper-green sea-blue spires to harmonize with the everlasting waters that shall wash it. Don't go studying Saxo Grammaticus but write your own play which, believe me, won't be a comedy at all !"

"But," said he, astounded. "Hamlet was mad, and what can be funnier than that ? Or pretended to be, which is just as comic."

"Oh, my dear William," said I earnestly. "The despicable Mr. Kyd wrote a Hamlet on those lines, and you *can't* just repeat him ! Do your Hamlet as *you* like. But remark, St. George isn't going to be any more use to you *or* the ever-deplorable Kyd. Listen. Only 8 years after your Hamlet, a George Napper is going to be horribly killed in Oxford for being a priest. He would never have been *called* George if not for *this* George. If only you could have written about him ! And have seen that never a Dragon and never a George get any further forward for killing one another !"

My poor Bill looked rather sheepish, but George took off his cap and remained bowed in veneration. I shook him. "Wake up, George," I said. "There are still some centuries left. I hope to present you to a king—two, in fact, who'd never have been called George any more than Napper if it wasn't for you. Quaint, isn't it ? But I want you first to travel with me . . . what are distances ? what are years ? . . . to a place near our docks, our docks to which more ships come than to anywhere else. Come down the main streets, but don't let anyone see you. You'd startle them." George at once became invisible.

Down the crowded Poplar High street were marching hundreds of men

and women, boys and girls. At the end, came the Banner of St. George. The Saint was seen in silver armour against a background of black, deep blue, orange and scarlet. Loud cheers welcomed him where he passed.

"Well," said St. George, "Donatello made a very fine statue of me in Florence 500 years ago. This is rather like it."

"George!" I cried indignantly. "That is rather like *this*! I designed this! When I showed these young men my rough suggestion for the banner and asked if they liked it, they said: 'Gee! look at the neck he has on him! Gee! wouldn't we like to have him in our team!'"

"But," said St. George, "you haven't put in MY DRAGON!"

"My dear George," said I. "You are a fighter. I too would wish to be one—provided I could say, like St. Paul: 'I have fought the *right fight*!' Not just 'a good fight.' No, no, no. The only genuine one for a Christian, with the only proper weapons! I can't help smiling ["rather crookedly," interpolated George, smiling himself] sadly but affectionately," I went on, "when I remember how St. Bernard thought it would be a very good riddance if *his* Crusade drained France of all her brigands and adulterers and by the mere fact of setting them to fight the Saracens turned them all from wolves into lambs! I like best to look forward to that Poor Little Man who went sailing out to convert the mighty Saladin with the sword of the Spirit alone . . ." ["He hadn't much success," said George, annoyingly, because he didn't really mean it, but I rose to the bait] "He got sent back," I resumed, "with much respect and kindness by Saladin, and that was a good deed, and *counts*. Now wait a moment."

Not fifty years flashed by, and we found ourselves standing among ruins.

George asked with some bewilderment where we were.

"In exactly the same place. We've had a war, you know. Quite a lot of people prayed to you to help towards our victory. Well, that war has certainly come to an end, after a fashion. Death has stung pretty sharply to this side and that: there are those who feel tempted to think that the only victory was the Grave's. But it wasn't. At least, it needn't be, provided we take up quite new weapons and wage quite a different war. You don't require *me* to tell *you* that all our idols must be thrown down, our values reversed, the dragons in our hearts exterminated (decorative though our descriptions of them may be!); that I, who have been having you as part of my dream, must become part of your vision. That, to be 'practical' (as they say, and lest they laugh at 'dreams' and 'visions'), every notion of revenge or punishment—I'd even dare to say, of reparation—so far as Germany goes, must by us be exorcised as truly as you de-dragonized my dream-Diospolis . . . that, until we are allowed to do something more earthly too, we shall enter into a Spiritual Communion with the soul of Russia that is living in a prison into which none but love can enter? So many men of good will everywhere! So much, in so many, who would leap with joy if they could even see no more than good will also in ourselves!"

The Saint, having good-humouredly put up with a little chaff from me, suddenly stood forth in glory, grave but joyous.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "History has ceased to circle wearily round and round. A sword, better than any of mine—no! the same as mine, for mine was Christ's—has shattered the 'sorrowful weary wheel' of events. One spear, and one only, has pierced to the heart of things. The centurion thought, upon Calvary, that his had dealt the death-blow to any

faint flickering of life that might still be there. But Christ took hold of it and made it His own, and so, if you like, can you. But it means, my friend, that you have got to *be* a Christian ! ” Then he smiled his good wide smile.

And the last I saw of him was the blood-red Cross, not only on his shield but on his heart, ‘ the deare remembrance of his dying Lord—and dead, as living, ever Him adored—such sovran hope which in His help he had.’

C. C. MARTINDALE

SHORT NOTICES

Educationalists who can read Italian will be very grateful to Fr. Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M., Rector of the University of the Sacred Heart at Milan, for **L'Orientamento Professionale dei Giovani nelle scuole** (Milan University. Lire 420), a new and enlarged edition of an earlier work. The problem of vocational training is, of course, one that is very much to the fore in the minds of all who are concerned with the education of the young ; and it can be said without hesitation that Fr. Gemelli's approach to the problem is one which deserves close attention. He insists that he is not producing a handbook on the subject, being concerned rather with the *principles* which are at stake. As he says, there are so many factors to be taken into account that no simple technique can be devised : either for deciding what particular aptitude a boy possesses, or how that aptitude is to be developed. He sketches in, against the larger background of the social and economic conditions and needs of the country, some of the factors which must be considered in dealing with individual cases. The hereditary and family *milieu*, the physical, physiological and psychological features of the pupil, the subtle interplay of different elements in a boy's development—all these must make us slow to form conclusions and must make us chary of anything like a slick solution. Fr. Gemelli's close acquaintance with actual experiments in this field, his broad human understanding, and his belief in the supernatural destiny of the human soul, make his work a valuable contribution to an important subject. Although he disclaims any intention of producing a handbook, this does not mean that he has written a purely philosophical essay. On the contrary the work is solid and practical. It is to be hoped that an English translation will be forthcoming. Incidentally, there is a very good bibliography.

Orio Giacchi, Professor of Canon Law in the same University, has published a monograph on the historical development of the Lay State, **Lo Stato Laico**. (Milan. 1947). He traces the idea of the Lay State from Marsilius of Padua, through the Renaissance and the Reformation, up to the 17th century, ending with the French Revolution during which the true Lay State can be said to have emerged from its chrysalis of underground revolutionary movements, France thus giving the exemplar of the Lay State to other nations during the 19th century. This study, one would surmise, is the fruit of a special course of lectures in the University : it is useful for a good and adequate conspectus of the question, but, owing to its brevity, it has a rather superficial effect and smacks somewhat of the lecture room.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

Under the general title "L'Inde en Morceaux" *La Vie Economique et Sociale* (July-Sept., 1947: Antwerp and Brussels) prints papers by two different writers, one on the historical developments leading up to the freeing of India, and the other on the actual steps by which independence, and division, has been accomplished. The first is by E. de Schaepdrijver, S.J., the second by A. Lallemand, S.J., both writing in India. They provide a lucid résumé of the course of events, written for the most part in an objective manner with little or no criticism of any of the parties concerned, unless of the pacifism of Mahatma Gandhi during the war. There is also an article in this number on the new Chinese Constitution, by Père François Thery, who has some doubts of the effectiveness of the single legislative chamber, with its large number of delegates and its short and widely spaced sessions, and the absence of any permanent Committee of delegates to represent it when it is not assembled. The executive power will be in the hands of a council of ministers, not all elected. Relations between this executive council, the elected chamber, and the President of the Republic, as summarised by the writer, seem very complicated and indefinite; but they may possibly suit the genius of the Chinese the better for that.

The journal *Irenikon*, edited by the Benedictines of Amay in Belgium, who make it their chief aim to study the means of reunion with the separated Oriental Churches, is now in its 20th volume. The current number, with a very pleasant format and cover, contains 120 pages. The opening article, written, it seems, by an Orthodox monk (*Un moine de l'Eglise d'Orient* is the signature) discusses at some length the famous "Prayer of Jesus," a use of ejaculatory prayer in long-continued repetition, which for centuries has formed the central idea and practice of a certain school of Orthodox spirituality, chiefly in Russia, and has brought many souls to a high degree of union with Our Lord. The writer regards the method as very ancient and traces it as far back as the fifth century. We like less the anonymous "Lettre Anglaise" (which is to be followed by others) and which here deals with several disconnected Anglican practices and problems, the chief of the latter being the new South Indian Church. The writer is presumably a Catholic, but there is nothing in the letter that quite assures one of this, and Anglican expressions are accepted by him ('*Amicus*') as if they needed no qualification: as when the matter of "episcopal ordination" in the new Church is being considered. It is interesting and curious to learn that according to an opinion of Archbishop Temple the Church of England will be "in communion with" those members of the new Church who were Anglican before it was formed, but not with the others. A visit to the famous Orthodox monastery of Mar Saba, 16 miles south-east of Jerusalem, is described in this number. The visitor was impressed by the piety of the monks, by their "terrible combat," of which they are conscious, but in which they are victors, with the *ennui* of monastic life in the heart of a desert, and lastly by their habit of praying much for Christian reunion.

We have received some current numbers of Missionary magazines, all of a most attractive type. The exhortations of several Popes to advertise the Missions in a way that should attract the interest of the general mass of the faithful seems to have had a most remarkable response in recent years,

and that in spite of the appalling difficulties which have confronted journals of comparatively small circulation. The circulation, however, of all the Catholic missionary magazines together must now be very considerable, and we think that in the long run it will be a gain that their number should be thus multiplied by each mission or group of missions tending to have its own. In this way it is much more likely that the mission work will be presented in a lively and intimate way, and will reach just those most nearly connected in one way or other with a particular mission, and most likely to respond to its claims. In the **Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in Many Lands**, as in most of the others we have seen, it is the illustrations which are the great triumph of the editing; and here the letter-press is well worthy of them. The cover-design shows a delightful group of West-African little girls who appear to be looking *at themselves* in a page of this magazine open on a nun's knees. Every item in this number is of quite absorbing interest, and calculated also to inspire any reader with a sense of the wonderful ways of God's grace. Here is a brief passage from an account of seven martyrs of the Boxer massacres recently honoured by the Church. All of male sex at the Taiyuanfu mission were to be killed after the Christians had refused to renounce their faith.

Here is one story of a mother who held a tiny infant in her arms. "Girl or boy?" came the question. And she, not wishing to deprive the little one of the glory his brothers had already won, admitted that he was a boy, "Then put him on the ground." And the tiny mite was killed whilst his mother held the chubby arms that wished to play with the sword.

In **Missionaires**, a *monthly* journal of the missions cared for by the Lyons Province of the Society of Jesus, the illustrations are perhaps still more excellent. The number under review gives a painful picture of the effects of the Viêt-Nam struggle for independence in Indo-China as reflected in the considerable numbers of Catholic workers of that land in France, a quarter of them having given up their faith and declared themselves 'converts' to Marxism, while another quarter are wavering. Several pages in this number are shared with the Benedictine Fathers whose wonderful work at New Norcia in Western Australia is described. *Missionaires*, indeed, provides interesting mission news from every part of the world. The Christmas number of **White Fathers**, for the missions served by that great Order and especially its English members who have now training centres in England and Scotland, contains a new account of the death of the famous ex-cavalry man, Fr. Charles de Foucauld, killed during the first World War at Tamanrasset in the Sahara where he gave first his life, lived as a solitary, and then his death, seemingly a mere casual massacre in a Senussi raid, for the conversion of Islam. Memories of St. Boswells, the Scotland centre, and of a White Father who served in Burma during the last war fill other parts of the number. **Jesuit Missions**, of which we have seen the November issue is for the missions of the American Jesuits from Alaska to the Philippines, by the land, not the sea route, for they include, Honduras (formerly an English Jesuit mission), Transjordan, Iraq, India and China. Honduras now numbers 34,500 Catholics with a Bishop, 23 priests and three convents. There is a tremendous run on the Catholic library in Belize. Among illustrations are snaps of the great astronomical instruments set up in the palace precincts in Pekin by the 17th century Jesuit Fr. Ferdinand Verbiest.

REVIEWS

WITNESSES TO GOD¹

THIS French series of books on Holy Scripture is already familiar to our readers. We now extend a welcome to Numbers 9 and 10 of the series. The former is by Louis Cheminant, who is a professor at the Grand Séminaire at Rennes. By the Kingdom of Israel the author means the kingdom founded by Jeroboam with its capital at Samaria, as opposed to the kingdom of Judah with its capital at Jerusalem; and it was a happy idea to write this separate history of the Northern Kingdom. Presented in this way as an independent unity the story is easier to grasp than when intertwined with that of its southern neighbour. The story is well and pleasantly told with special chapters devoted to the outstanding personalities of Elias and Eliseus, and to the canonical prophets Amos and Osee whose ministry was concerned with the conversion of the ten northern tribes.

If one or two remarks may be made in criticism, it is hardly correct to say that the famous inscription of Mesha, king of Moab, is in the Louvre (p. 24). What the Louvre possesses is a combination of certain fragments of the original stele with a reconstruction of other parts of the text based on squeezes taken before the stone was broken up by Arabs in the hope of finding treasure within. (The supposition that the stone was a receptacle of hidden wealth seemed to them the only possible explanation of the value attached to it by Europeans.) Then it does not appear wise to say that there is no need to look for another return of Elias because he has already come in the person of St. John the Baptist (p. 60). Christ said, indeed, of John, "If you will receive it, he is Elias that is to come" (Matt. xi, 14). This was as much as to say: 'If you can understand my words correctly', for our Lord spoke in the same sense as the Angel to Zachary: "He shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias" (Luke i, 17). But Christ also said "Elias indeed shall come and restore all things" (Matt. xvii, 11): that is, as precursor of His second coming as John had been of the first. Further, the blindness that struck the Syrian soldiers who had come to seize Eliseus was not a complete inability to see, but a providential disability to see what they were looking for, or to recognize what they saw.

The two volumes before us show that there is no editorial attempt in this Series to secure uniformity of view on disputed questions. Cheminant, p. 104, is of opinion that Osee's unhappy marriage experiences were no more than a graphic pen-picture to illustrate the infidelity of Israel to God, who had espoused her. Paul Auvray, who is a priest of the Oratory and author of the second volume, on Ezechiel, understands the account—and rightly as we think—to be the record of Osee's actual life in matrimony. This view is in harmony with the manner of instructing by symbolic action, so characteristic of the prophetic teaching. Visible lessons from life were far more apt to move a stiff-necked people than mere words. This, however, comes only incidentally into Auvray's book, which is dedicated to a study

¹ *Temoins de Dieu*: 9. *Le Royaume d'Israel*. Par Louis Cheminant. Pp. 126, 80 francs; 10. *Ezechiel*. Par Paul Auvray. Pp. 172, 130 francs. Paris: Editions du Cerf.

of the prophet whose name it bears. The elucidation of this difficult writer is a formidable task, but it may be said at once that the author has succeeded admirably; so that it is safe to predict a warm welcome for the larger and more erudite volume which he has in preparation. He follows A. Bertholet against the traditional view which assigns the whole of Ezechiel's ministry to work in Babylonia among the captives, many of whom had been deported at the same time as King Joachin. According to the new view the first part of his preaching was in Jerusalem and in Judea, and his work in Babylonia began only after the sack of Jerusalem by Nabuchodonosor. The mysterious vision with which the book now opens, the scene of which was among the captives by the River Chobar, has been displaced and is to be interpreted as the inaugural vision of the second, Babylonian, phase of activity. Here there is a discrepancy in the author's indications of the original position of this grandiose vision. On p. 91 it is said that Chapter 1 originally stood between Chapters 33 and 34; but on p. 103 that it was followed immediately by Chapter 37. It is difficult to believe, however, that Ezechiel was in Judea when the Spirit "lifted (him) up between the earth and the heaven and brought (him) in the vision of God into Jerusalem" (viii, 3) there to show him the abominations which were being practised in the very temple of God. After all, Ezechiel was a priest (i, 3), had access to the temple, and presumably had duties to perform there. Why should he be miraculously transported thither if he was living in the neighbourhood, in a village of Judah (p. 45)? The opinion, moreover, involves rejecting the evidence of passages like 40, 1, which imply that Ezechiel went into captivity eleven years before the fall of Jerusalem, that is precisely at the time of the deportation of Joachin and the accession of Sedecias.

The author's interpretation of the hand of the Lord coming on Ezechiel as the access of some physical crisis (p. 73) is also unconvincing and ill suits such passages as 8, 1, and 40, 1. However, these and other points, on which there is room for difference of opinion, do not by any means destroy the essential value of the book. Finally, it may be added that the author understands Ezechiel's symbolical actions to have been really performed: even those which many, on account of their intrinsic improbability, have judged to have been visionary only.

E. F. S.

POET'S PORTRAIT¹

MR. ALFRED NOYES has put us greatly in his debt by a truly delightful book on the poet Horace. It is a book full of wise words and gentle smiles and quiet beauty. If we had to give some master-quality that would describe its character, it would be *humanitas*, balance, proportion, kindliness. We can imagine Horace reading this book in the quiet of his Sabine farm, thoroughly enjoying it, from time to time raising a quizzical eyebrow, not necessarily of disapproval, especially at those passages where Mr. Noyes tilts at the commentators. The method of exposition is the right one: literary criticism in a biographical context. There are twenty chapters in some 250 pages, but they do not read as long as an average of a dozen pages apiece. Throughout Mr. Noyes shows us his competence as a critic. If it takes a thief to catch a thief, by the same

¹ *Portrait of Horace*. Sheed and Ward, 1947. Pp. ix, 246. Price 16s.

token it takes a poet to tell us all about a poet, at any rate where their poetic tempers and experience are congenial. And so there is in this book a certain freshness and lightness of touch which make it so unlike a scholar's although it is founded on a close study of the text and of the experts. For one thing, the footnotes can be counted on both hands: for a work of this kind they are not essential, and Mr. Noyes contrives to say all he has to say in the text. Notes at the end, maybe, if they will be read, though you will find none here. This is a book to *enjoy*.

The author's sense of proportion comes out, for example, in his pausing to dwell on the relations between Virgil and Horace, and this is a productive study, for, as he says, the two poets are complementary to each other. Again, he has some sound things to say on the attitude of Horace to Augustus, seeking to rescue him from the charge of kow-towing to the *princeps*. One would certainly like his view to be the true one: his suggestions are usually so good that one insensibly trusts his insight. His treatment of Horace's irony is excellent. The translations from the Satires and Epistles are generally given in prose, the rest in verse in the original metre. As poems in English they are delightful; Mr. Noyes has the knack of using the English accent in a natural way. In the matter of general adverse criticism we may point out that there are some slips which can very easily be remedied, but which detract a little from the pleasure of reading this book. Some are typographical, just enough to distract (mostly in the Latin, though very occasionally in the English), and some are literary. The book is beautifully produced, and is a delight to handle. Messrs. Sheed and Ward are to be congratulated on this addition to their 'Writers of the World' series.

J. Q.

A FORGOTTEN CORRESPONDENCE¹

"IF you knew how *oppressed* at all times I am with letter writing and now most especially, and with printers in addition upon me, you would understand how simply cruel it is, to be so urgent with me, as you have been for several years for answers when you write." Here Newman's grounds for complaint are ours for gratitude to John Rouse Bloxam, whose urgency and devotion to his "friend of friends" have left three folio volumes of correspondence.

This book is "not in any sense a life of either John Henry Newman or J. R. Bloxam," but rather "a record of a long and remarkable friendship told in the words of the two friends." For while Bloxam is rather overshadowed by several of Newman's more famed associates, Newman himself warmly referred to him in later life as "his oldest friend." From 1836, when Bloxam became Newman's curate at Littlemore, the friendship lasted until the Cardinal's death. Mr. Middleton has worked over all the preserved correspondence and organized it, or at least the more significant part of it, into eleven chapters of text and commentary. The letters deal with everything from the price of land per acre to doctrine and high asceticism. They cover half a century, and during the few months that Bloxam outlived Newman they were continued by Father Neville.

Of special interest is Chapter V, "Letters on Reunion," an account of the

¹ *Newman and Bloxam: An Oxford Friendship*. By R. D. Middleton, M.A. Oxford University Press. London, 1947. 261 pp. Price: 18s.

"Correspondence in 1841 between Ambrose Lisle Phillipps (de Lisle) of Grace Dieu Manor, Leicestershire and the Rev. John Rouse Bloxam, M.A., St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, on the subject of Reunion between the Church of England and of Rome." Bloxam had at one time intended to publish these, and some additional letters of Newman; but heretofore all of them lay comparatively inaccessible in Magdalen College Library. Phillipps, himself a convert and usually sanguine, thought reunion a rather simple matter. He suggested, for one thing, that the Bishop of Oxford should "come to an understanding" with the Pope, while the English Roman Catholics in their turn could make submission to the English Church in the diocese of Oxford. Thus all would be amicably expedited. Newman saw little hope for such a venture, and though praising Phillipps's "beautiful spirit," gave him no encouragement whatever.

Indeed at this period (1841) Newman felt very far from Rome. "This I feel most strongly," he wrote Bloxam, "and cannot conceal it, viz. that, while Rome is what she is, union is impossible—that we too must change I do not deny. Rome must change first in her spirit. I must see more sanctity in her than I do at present. Alas! I see no marks of sanctity—or if any, they are chiefly confined to converts from us." Phillipps rightly brought out, in his letter addressed to Bloxam, that "The fact is he does not know us. I could show him Men and Women, who I think would surprise him not a little: In the Cistercian Monastery here, in the Benedictine Nunneries generally throughout England, at Stoneyhurst amongst the Jesuits, I could show him individuals of sublime piety, of heroick virtue, who live only for God, and whose hearts are truly on fire with the Charity of Christ." (pp. 118-121).

That Newman knew little from personal contact about the Church or Catholics is borne out by his admission to his sister, three years later, some months before his reception. "I believe all my feelings are against change. I have nothing to draw me elsewhere. I hardly ever was at a Roman service; even abroad I knew no Roman Catholics. I have no sympathies with them as a party. I am giving up everything" (p. 174).

No pertinent correspondence with Bloxam belongs to the period of Newman's "secession." None the less, here an entire chapter (numbered "V" by printer's oversight, for "VI") stresses, almost dramatizes it. Elements of "upheaval," anxiety, shyness, the dangers of seclusion to one of Newman's temperament, seem interpreted beyond textual data, as if by way of apology for Newman's step. On the other hand, curiously enough only passing mention is given to the *Essay on the Development*, and Newman's own reasons for leaving the Church of England are left unnoticed.

More valuable are some letters which correct a widespread impression that Newman was not zealous to win his friends over to Rome. He was in reality quite concerned "lest they should be receiving grace which ought to bring them into the Catholic Church, yet are in the way to quench it, and to sink into a state in which there is no hope" (p. 194). Yet, for all the intimacy of the two men, he was never able to convert Bloxam.

While the volume uncupboards no skeletons, and scarcely retouches the accepted picture of Newman, it does focus yet another friendship in Newman's life. And one will long be thankful for access to passages like this (pp. 209-210): "I am an old man; my hair white, my eyes sunk in, and my hand so shrivelled that I am sometimes quite startled to see it; but when I shut my eyes and merely think, I can't believe I am more than 25

years old, and smile to think how differently strangers must think of me from my own internal feelings. To old friends, like you, I have a chance of being seen, as I see myself, more in the past than in the present."

C. J. McN.

DEVOTION TO GOD THE FATHER¹

THERE is no feast in the liturgy for God the Father. This book of meditations has therefore all the air of novelty. One cannot help feeling that it would have been more profitable to expound the new "devotion" to theologians first, by developing the theological ideas, here set forth in a brief note at the end of the book, into an independent work. As it is, one can foresee some confusion in readers' minds. As St. Thomas and Suarez both say, the *Our Father* is addressed to the whole Trinity, and this fact might be inferred from the phrase "Thy will be done."

This general Fatherhood of God towards Creation has to be held in the mind distinct from the exact relation of Begetter to Begotten in which the Father stands to the Son. As was argued by Theophile Raynaud, S.J., in the 17th century, and after him by Benedict XIV in the 18th, if one has a particular devotion to the Father as Begetter one should also, to keep equality, have a devotion to the Eternal Generation of the Son, and to the Procession of the Holy Ghost. The Church, while not condemning the separate consideration of the Persons of the Trinity, has always been anxious to preserve, along with that consideration, the idea of the unity of nature in God. Hence we say: *Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus* in the litany, and *Tribus honor unus* in the hymn.

Of course there is a certain appeal in the idea that one should join with Christ in honouring His Father and ours, but the possibility of so joining ourselves to Christ depends upon our kinship with Christ as man, and also upon the wonderful union of the divine and human natures in Christ. It is to this union that our minds more naturally go than to the goal of bliss everlasting with Father and Holy Ghost which is kept for the next life.

J.H.C.

WOMEN IN AUTHORITY²

THIS is a valuable book. It is written for superiors of communities of women, though very much of its contents—there are over 550 pages—apply equally well to men. Fr. Ronsin has been for many years a superior himself and has, obviously, given many retreats; his experience is as wide as his reading. He is always dignified, despite the temptation to banter or to indulge in depressing tittle-tattle, but he is never dull. The book falls into four parts, beginning with a section on the importance of a superior knowing her subjects. The opening chapter of this deals with the 'gratia status.'

He would have a superior to be a reading, or at least a well-read, person, in history, philosophy and sacred studies. Comments which he makes on the difficulty of knowing people are subtle and wise, but also very practically helpful. In a second section Fr. Ronsin stresses the importance of

¹ *God the Father*. By Mgr. Guerry, Bp. of Achrida. Sheed and Ward. 12s. 6d. net.

² *Pour mieux gouverner*. By F. X. Ronsin, S.J. Spes, Paris. 1947. s.p. 350 francs.

understanding others, and primarily of realising that a superior's task is a service of others, and at the same time a cross. His illustrations continue to be numerous in describing the wisdom necessary for anyone in a position of authority. Relations with higher superiors, and with subjects; the tact, prudence, discretion and serenity necessary in all these relations: such things are wisely and practically treated. The importance and the difficulty—with much enlightenment to overcome the difficulty—of dealing with different ages and temperaments are matters handled with a master touch. A third section covers the training of subjects, and here Fr. Ronsin's insight and modernity are perhaps at their best, though these qualities run like two threads throughout his book. Coming as the conclusion of a long work is the section dealing with the love of a superior for her subjects: for the ordinary person, for the sick, the difficult, the incomprehensible; and then with the necessary or desirable love by a superior of her office as such.

"Ce livre n'est qu'un modeste essai . . ." are Fr. Ronsin's concluding words. This brief review is far from being an adequate description of his book. But careful as the work is there will be many points that individual readers will desire to supplement or qualify; and the author's success will be the greater for that—his writing is essentially stimulating. One is tempted to give the reader a few of Fr. Ronsin's illustrations, but perhaps one will suffice. Speaking of the problem of letter writing, which confronts all superiors, he mentions a provincial who had to be replaced, before the expiration of his term of office, because of his horror of facing the impossible task of coping with an overwhelming post bag: with a pendent about a French member of Parliament whose death revealed some 15,000 unanswered letters !!

R.C.G.

A TEXT OF OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY¹

THIS is the fifth edition of the Spanish Redemptorist scripture scholar's very useful work. Two small points will show something of its value. First his knowledge and use of European experts, Catholic and non-Catholic. Thus among English writers he quotes Dom Hubert van Zeller and Fr. Humphrey Johnson, Fr. Sutcliffe and the late Fr. E. Burrows, as well as Sir Leonard Woolley and Dr. Garstang. Secondly the measure of his care for accuracy appears in the correctness of his English quotations; too often foreign manuals provide unwitting humorous relief by their mangled quotations. His bibliography contains references up to 1945. Yet quotations from Fr. Sutcliffe and Fr. Burrows are taken from articles which they published in reviews. Doubtless economic and other difficulties of the time prevented his access to Fr. Sutcliffe's own work on the idea of immortality in the Old Testament as well as to the late Fr. Burrows' books edited by Fr. Sutcliffe.

The critical standard of the book is that of a prudent conservative, but he puts forward a reasonably satisfactory explanation of many difficult passages in Genesis. Thus, typically, concerning the 'formation of Eve from Adam's rib' he is content to quote the remarks of Canon Coppens of Louvain which appeared in *Apologétique* (1939). The line which Fr.

¹ *De Sacra Veteris Testamenti Historia*. By J. Prado, C.S.S.R. Fifth Edition. 1947.

Prado takes to explain the plagues of Egypt recalls the treatment of this topic by our own Canon Arendzen. We may regret that the 'burning bush' is not also explained as, for example, the late Fr. Burrows so wisely suggested. Perhaps in a later edition the author will deal with more of these difficulties; he is well equipped to do so.

When he comes to the prophetic books his handling of Isaiah and Daniel is good, it gives a fair survey and criticism of modern scholarship as it relates to the prophets, but unaccountably takes no stock of Dr. Kissane's two volumes on Isaiah. Satisfactory too is his provision of material for an honest judgment by his reader on the historical (or other) value of the books of Judith, Tobias and Esther. Many students—as distinct from specialists—will be grateful for Fr. Prado's book; it is alive and well informed, nor does it disdain maps and illustrations. Six hundred and fifty pages for fifty pesetas is a remarkably inexpensive volume.

R.C.G.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY

The Catholic who has been brought up in the Faith from childhood is sure to be confronted at some time or other with the question: "What makes me believe? Can I give the real reason why I believe? Or are Faith and Reason just two water-tight compartments which it would be dangerous to try to link up?" He will find in *L'acte de foi* by Father Alexis Decout S.J. (Beauchesne, Paris) a very competent and readable account of the complicated ingredients of his simple Act of Faith; and he will be helped to believe both more rationally and more supernaturally. He will, by the very reading, have grown in the Faith, as the author shows he should. And even those who, long since, 'did' the treatise *de Fide*, will find this series of lectures a stimulating refresher course. The author does not pretend to provide more than this. Many of the old scholastic problems are, perhaps wisely, left aside; the latest studies on the nature of Faith—a subject engaging the closest attention of many theologians, Catholics and others—are scarcely referred to. Much that they have written is, no doubt, still tentative in them; but one misses any indication of the chasm which divides the act of Faith proper from that still possible in the state of sin (however 'salutary' it mercifully remains). Yet this old distinction needed bringing out, and it might have led to the more *personal character* of Faith being discussed, an idea of strong appeal to-day. Such a discussion might have saved the author from certain phrases which belittle the difficulties of Faith in some doubters, and impugn their motives altogether too sweepingly. On the other hand is it quite right to suggest that the *necessitas medii* of Faith only arises when the divine origin of the Christian revelation has been recognized? Such a notion too conveniently side-tracks many difficulties which are only too real to the alert mind of enquiring youth. However, the author's verve and enthusiasm for the Faith and for the Church (a little *simpliste* though it be at times) has made admirably clear the central core of the doctrine on this difficult subject. Without this clarity any study of practical problems in relation to Faith would be erratic and vain. We are grateful for the publication of this little book, and we hope that Catholics will take full advantage of it.

The sixth volume of **Miscellanea Comillas** (Official publication of the Pontifical University of Comillas, Santander, Spain) keeps up the high standard of its predecessors. This number, dedicated to the new General of the Society of Jesus, contains a long, interesting and original article by the Bishop of Calahorra on Ecclesiastical Faith, which throws much light on a very debated question. Father J. Iturrioz, Professor of Philosophy in the College of Ona, contributes a valuable study on the Philosophy of History. Father Abad, S.J., was fortunate enough to find a document of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, published in 1742, which clears up the question of the process of the Inquisition instituted against Blessed John de Avila. The same author publishes an original letter of Blessed John containing suggestions for the Councils of Toledo and Granada, and gives a complete list of his manuscripts which were sent to Rome in 1549. The Professor of Physics and Chemistry in the University, Father J. Del Barrio, S.J., gives a very clear and readable account of the stages of atomic research which led to the discovery and use of the atomic bomb. In these days of paper shortage, and paper of inferior quality, it is a pleasure to handle a volume so beautifully printed and so admirably produced.

Philosophy, if it is to remain philosophy, cannot abandon criticism: the right to question, to doubt, to search anew. On the other hand, if it is to fulfil the task implied by its very name, philosophy must criticize and search, not for the sake of criticism and problem making, but with the purpose of discovering the truth. Professor Carmel Ottaviano (who is editor of *Sophia*) tries to fulfil both functions in the second edition (revised and enlarged) of his **Metafisica dell' Essere Parziale** (Cedam, Padua. 1947. Pp. xlii, 623. L. 1500). He does not hesitate to criticize Aristotle and the mediaeval philosophers, no less than the moderns, in favour of a "fourth age" of philosophic speculation. But he criticizes in view of a positive purpose: that of preparing the way for a new Christian philosophy. One sympathizes with the author's intention, since if philosophy degenerates into a hard dogmatism, it ceases to be living philosophy, and becomes an object for the historian. The serious student of Christian philosophy, if he reads Italian easily, will follow with interest the author's consideration of the problems of method, logic, criteriology, metaphysics, cosmology, natural religion and ethics. By a consideration of fundamental problems the author shows the appeal of the *natural* to the *supernatural*: an appeal arising out of the "tragic character" of the former.

There was a time when the philosophy of Maurice Blondel created no little excitement and scandal in the Scholastic dove-cotes. The period of crisis has passed, and M. Blondel is now happily enthroned among the elder statesmen of Catholic philosophy. But his works are not easy to read, and one can be grateful to a writer who undertakes to give an objective, clear and succinct account of the "philosophy of action," even if the exposition of one philosopher's thought by another can scarcely be an entirely adequate substitute for the philosopher's own words. Father Juan Roig Gironella, S.J., has given us such an exposition of Blondel's thought in his book, **La Filosofia de la Accion** (Madrid. 1943. Pp. 326). As the book comprises a thesis written for the doctorate of philosophy in 1942, the author has not been able to take account of Blondel's latest work, *La Philosophie et l'Esprit Chrétien*, two volumes of which have appeared. After giving an account of Blondel's philosophy Father Gironella proceeds to criticism and evaluation. He recognizes an apologetic value in the French philosopher's thought; but,

writing from the Scholastic standpoint, he refuses to acknowledge it as a substitute for Scholasticism, or as a prolongation of the traditional Scholastic metaphysics. He criticizes (though with moderation and charity) Blondel's doctrine of the place of the will in intellectual assent, his treatment of the Scholastic proofs of God's existence, his theory of the relation of the natural to the supernatural, and his way of handling the mysteries of the Faith. The citation of names like those of Father Garrigou-Lagrange and Father de Tonquedec recalls the memory of past storms (past, so far as Blondel is concerned), and in view of the present trends of philosophical thought the frequent mention of "the method of immanence" and the dangers of immanentism might possibly seem a trifle dusty. However, if any one wishes to make acquaintance with the philosophy of Blondel he will find in Father Gironella's book a clear summary.

CANON LAW

Pius X by his Constitution *Sapienti Consilio*, 29th June, 1908, after giving the Constitution to, and assessing the competence of, the Tribunal of the Rota, laid down general norms for procedure in its court. By the publication of the Code of Canon Law on the feast of Pentecost, 1917, the Constitution and Competence of the Rota were again set forth clearly; while many of its rules became universal laws, as can be seen from the critical apparatus of the Canons. After some years it was thought necessary to write new rules concerning the Constitution and concerning the offices of the Auditors and of other officials working for the Tribunal. These rules were approved by Pius XI on the 22nd of June, 1934, and were published in *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* (Vol. XXVI [1934] pp. 448-491). The volume we here review, **Leges Processuales Vigentes Apud S. Rotae Tribunal**, edited by C. Bernardini (Rome, 1947), gives all these rules as well as some modern documents emanating from the Rota. These will be useful to those whose arduous duty it is to be engaged in episcopal matrimonial courts, and likewise to those who, in order to prepare themselves for such work, may wish to study at the Rota in order to obtain the qualification of Auditor and Procurator of that august Tribunal. A list, too, is given in this volume of all the actual members of the Rota. Of special interest is the new scale of taxes published in order to bring them into line with the present value of the lira. They are for those only who can afford them: there is never any charge for the poor.

From the University of Comillas, Santander, comes another thesis, **Competencia da Igreja e do Estado sobre o Matrimónio** by A. Leite, S.J. (Livraria Apostólado de Imprensa. Porto, 1947), presented to the University for the degree of Doctor of Canon Law. It is a treatise on the respective rights of Church and State in matrimonial affairs, and, as such, is a special study in what is called the Public Law of the Church. All the Catholic principles are well and clearly stated and excellently illustrated in the course of the exposition. Written for the Portuguese, the work, naturally, has peculiar reference to Portugal and to the history of the civil law of that country touching marriage and kindred question. Father Leite has produced an excellent, up-to-date work, well documented, excellently produced, with a useful bibliography and index of authors cited.

DEVOTIONAL

Messrs. Sheed & Ward are the publishers of *An Essay on St. Joan*, by Georges Bernanos, translated by R. Batchelor (6s.). The English title,

Sanctity Will Out, rings, perhaps, too much like a challenge, for St. Joan is not a challenging saint in spite of her vivid adventures in shining mail-armour. The devotion of French peasants to Saint Joan is a proof of the homely appeal of the Maid to simple minds. This Essay, however, seems written for the more exacting class of university students. They will find here matter abundantly stimulating for discussion, as well, we trust, as for devotion.

An excellent present at any time of the year would be **The Seven Deadly Virtues** by Fr. Bernard Basset (Organ. 1947. 6s.). Seventeen stories is quite a generous measure, but really there are more than seventeen readings here, for the book has the rare quality of standing up to more than one reading. The humour is never arch, nor is it forced, but spontaneous and wholly delightful. Yet there is something deeper still about this collection of short stories. If those who have to instruct others want a modern story or illustration they will find here Father Basset's plenty. Even the critical—the hypercritical—will at least discover hints and suggestions to elaborate matter of their own. For a Christmas story there is the adventure of the small boy who did not go down Warwick Street with decorous elders, but slipped down the alley and saw Mrs. Peabody's sweet shop instead, learning a good deal about the Christmas crib where he really went to buy cheap sweets. Quite on a level with the amusement in the book is its insight, there is much shrewd observation of human nature. The first seven stories, which give the title to the book are a kindly dissection of most of us.

Red Sand is a new life of the recently canonized martyr of the Madura Mission in India, St. John de Britto of the Society of Jesus. The author, Fr. A. Saulière, S.J., has written it for "youth (that) has no age limits"; and he has produced, in nearly five hundred pages, a volume of true history, far more living, and elevating, than any fiction or film play of the type. Nothing in the story of the martyr can have escaped him and every fact set down is clearly well established and authenticated by documents, letters and contemporary accounts. The very accusations made by some of St. John's own brethren, against his missionary methods, to the Father-General in Rome only resulted in a great mass of valuable information in his favour. Some readers may object to the imaginary conversations and dialogues; but the author is writing for those who can appreciate the romantic in the style and matter of history. Youth, with no age limits, is not critical of such details, which do not in fact obscure the fascinating story of a most heroic and noble character. There are five admirable maps, full of details that help the reader to follow exactly the truly Pauline wanderings of the zealous missionary. It seems incredible that one, by no means robust, man, brought up amid the luxury of Courts, should have accomplished such a vast work between the years 1674 and 1693, the year of his martyrdom. *Red Sand* is just the book for a boys' or Sodalists' library. Messrs. Duckett, the Strand booksellers, will supply copies at the very fair price of 8s. 6d.

To a Polish Mother

IF, Polish Mother, in your son's fair eyes
 The gleaming light of genius you behold ;
 If on his childish brow it seems there lies
 The nobleness and pride of Poles of old ;
 If he his playmates' clustering circle spurns,
 And to the sires who sing proud songs he speeds ;
 If with bent head his listening ear he turns
 When they hold forth on his ancestors' deeds :
 O Polish Mother, then your son plays ill !
 Before Our Lady of the Sorrows kneel,
 And see her heart sword-pierced and bleeding still ;
 For such the hostile stab *your* breast shall feel.

Though peoples, rulers, minds shall have one aim,
 And though the whole world blossoms out with peace,
 Your son is called to battle without fame,
 To martyrdom that ne'er shall know release.

So bid him to a lonely cavern fare
 To meditate, and on a rush-mat crouch,
 To early breathe the damp and putrid air,
 And with the poisonous serpent share his couch.
 There learn to bury anger out of reach,
 His thoughts as an abyss unfathomed make,
 And like the putrid vapours poison speech :
 A lonely figure like the torpid snake !

Our Saviour when a Child at Nazareth
 Embraced the little cross on which He'd choose
 To die for us ; so, Polish Mother, with
 His future toys your child I would amuse.
 Then early bind his hands with chains, and nail
 Him harnessed to his barrow ; so he'll not
 Before the executioner's axe grow pale,
 Nor crimson when he sees the hangman's knot.

For he'll not go like knights of yore to set
 The Cross Triumphant in the Holy Earth,
 Nor, like the soldiers of the new world, wet
 The soil with blood, and plough for Freedom's birth.
 An unknown spy will send a challenge round,
 Wage war inside a court of perjured breath ;
 A secret pit will be his battle ground,
 A powerful foe will sentence him to death.
 And when, o'ercome, his sole memorial rears
 The dried-up timber of the gallows' stalks,
 His only fame is woman's short-lived tears
 And long into the night his comrades' talks.

MICKIEWICZ (1798-1855) : *Translated by* E. T.

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